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JUNE ROSES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

They tremble over the garden-wall,
  Laying their pure, white cheeks together,
And holding a confab, great and small,
  Over the drowsy weather.

They sleep, sun-touch'd, by the straggling fence,
  Shrin'd in their leaves, like a way-side saint,
Great crimson drifts, where the breeze grows
    dense,
  And the pilgrim insects faint.

They nod and they wave from each sunny nook,
  And you trample them down in your woodland
    walks;
And here, in the shade, with a fragile look,
  They droop from their shining stalks.

Oh, gather them in where I sit and write,
  Let the floor be strewn with their fragrant
    leaves;
O'er this broad, deep sill let them fall at night,
  From their nest in the hanging eaves!

Let their dewy eyes look up to mine,
  And my dress grow rich with their brilliant
    stars,
And lovingly, tenderly let them twine
  Their arms 'round my lattice-bars.

And my busy life will drop a care
  In each deep, red heart where the light reposes;
Oh, June! thy children all are fair,
  But fairest are thy roses!

THE MYSTERY;

OR,

The Recollections of Anne Hereford.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "DANESBURY HOUSE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE STOLEN LETTER.

All this while what had become of Lady Chandos? She still kept herself secluded, and was seen by none, Hill and Mr. Chandos excepted. But now her illness was going to be attended by a new feature—a medical man was called in. He came, we understood, from a distance; was not the one who had attended Mr. Chandos for his foot, or any other doctor in the vicinity, but drove over every day from some place far away. He had apparently known the Chandos family previously, for he shook hands heartily with Mr. Chandos on his first arrival; a thin man with dark eyes, and a benevolent, truthful countenance. His name was Lake.

"Obliged to send for me at last!" he exclaimed. "I said, you may remember, that the time would come when you'd be glad of me at Chandos. No skill in these parts; a set of muffs, all; known to be."

Mr. Chandos smiled.

"And pray, for whom am I wanted, Mr. Harry? Your blooming self?"

"My blooming self is ever-blooming," laughed Mr. Chandos. "I don't trouble the doctors, I assure you."

"Too wide awake for that," returned the surgeon, echoing the laugh. "It is for my lady, I suppose."

Mr. Chandos nodded, and led the way to the west wing. But why should he have denied to this old gentleman that he was ever ill?

Two hours at least the doctor remained in the west wing, but Mr. Chandos came back soon after conducting him. I put the question to him which had been troubling me.

"Mr. Chandos, why did you say to the doctor that you are never ill? You know how ill you were recently; that the London physician even said there were but little hopes of you!"

He had come down from the west wing with a grave face; but gravity, even to distress, overshadowed it now.

"That was a painful illness," he remarked, after a long pause; "painful in its attendant circumstances; I do not allude to physical pain; and it is best kept from the knowledge of strangers. I wish you also would dismiss it from your mind and not speak of it."

"But are you really better?"

"I am very well," he returned, with a smile. "At least, I should be if—if—I mean that I am as well as I can expect to be."

"Which is equivalent to saying that you are not well, and never will be," I said, the tone of my voice sad as the words.

"Anne—I must call you 'Anne:' I cannot go back to the formality of 'Miss Hereford'—whether ill or well, it must be of no moment to you. I wish it might be."

I answered nothing; my cheeks did; and I do fear that Mr. Chandos read their signs. He took no further notice of me or them, but strolled out before the house, sunning himself in the warm autumn morning. This day, I wish you to take notice, was the next but one after the police officers had been at Chandos.

Later, I was in the embrasure of the window when he met the doctor in the hall and brought him into the oak parlor. They were at the door when Mr. Chandos began asking the other how he found his patient; neither of them could see me till they should advance a little further.

"Dreadfully emaciated, and as obstinate as—"

"Hush—sh—sh!" interposed Mr. Chandos, peremptorily, as he caught sight of me. The surgeon turned his head, and saw me also.

"Well, it was not polite of me, I confess, to be abusing Lady Chandos in the presence of this young lady," he resumed; "and I do fear I was about to say 'obstinate as a mule.' You are used to me, Mr. Harry, and know that I don't employ courtly phrases. Your mother *is* obstinate."

"I know it," replied Mr. Chandos, lifting his eyes to the doctor's. "That is the worst of it; and I see no prospect of remedy."

"None whatever in the present stage of the malady. And it won't be long going on to the worst," he added, in the ear of Mr. Chandos; but I caught the words. Mr. Chandos made no reply; he was leaning his forehead upon his hand.

"When did you come home?" he asked."

"Only last week. Two months I was away."

"What did your patient say?"

"I have nearly given over with patients," the doctor replied, shaking his head. "I require rest in my advancing years, and I have sufficient to live upon; so I leave the field open to younger men."

It struck me that they might wish to be alone, and I left the room. When I went down again, Mr. Lake was gone, and Mr. Chandos sat at his desk, writing a letter. He began complaining of his foot, saying that it gave him more pain to-day than usual.

"It is because you have walked so much upon it, Mr. Chandos. The gentleman who attends you prophesied how it would be, if you did persist in using it."

"Ay, that is it, I believe. Well, I must give it a little more rest for a day or two. Will you walk for me, and save it?"

"You know that I shall be pleased to do so, Mr. Chandos."

"Just carry this letter into the hall, then, and lay it on the customary table."

He had sealed it with his usual seal, and I took it from his hand and carried it to the letter table in the hall. It was addressed to a Mr. Haines, whom I remembered as having acted as agent for Mr. Edwin Barley, when he took the house. Lizzy was passing through the hall when I laid it down; I observed that she looked at me—seemed to look at what I was doing; and Mrs. Penn and Hill were speaking together on the stairs, nearly beyond view; whether they saw me, I cannot say.

"I fear that Lady Chandos is dangerously ill," I said to Mr. Chandos, when I returned.

"Very ill," he replied, "but not dangerously so."

I could not believe my ears; I had thought, by the words dropped by the doctor, that she was going on rapidly to death. Mr. Chandos saw my surprise.

"I am telling you truth," he said. "I do not consider my mother's life in danger."

"Then," came the flashing thought upon me, "it must be insanity, and not bodily illness." Were they all insane? Was *he?* Was that the reason that he could not marry? A cold chill struck across my heart at the thought of the awful infliction for such a man as Mr. Chandos.

"I see what is in your mind," he continued. "You are anticipating your own position, should anything occur to my mother. She is a protection to you, of course, although confined to her rooms."

"No, indeed, Mr. Chandos, I am not so selfish. I was thinking of a very different affair."

"Of what were you thinking?"

The question a little took me aback.

"I cannot tell you; it is what I would not mention to any one."

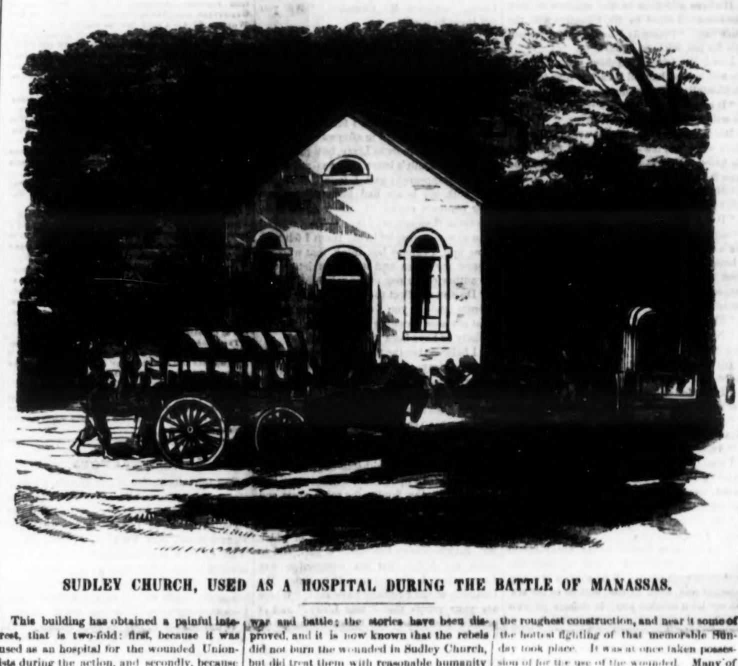
"Just look from the window, Anne; there's some one coming to the house. Who is it?"

"It is Mr. Dexter."

"Dexter! The very fellow I wanted to see. Now you need not turn out; we are not about to talk treason. Come and sit down again; don't you know, Anne, that I like to have you with me while I may?"

I made no reply; only sat down and took up my embroidery: and Mr. Dexter came in.

Their conversation appeared to me of little moment: it was chiefly about leases, and other matters connected with the estate. "I have written to Haines this afternoon," Mr. Chandos suddenly observed.



SUDLEY CHURCH, USED AS A HOSPITAL DURING THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

This building has obtained a painful interest, that is two-fold: first, because it was used as an hospital for the wounded Unionists during the action, and secondly, because of the dreadful stories of rebel atrocity in burning the church and roasting the inmates. The church remains in its beautiful situation, although the beauty of its surroundings is sadly marred by the accidents and evils of war and battle; the stories have been disproved, and it is now known that the rebels did not burn the wounded in Sudley Church, but did treat them with reasonable humanity after the battle—however inhumanly they may have acted in bayonetting the wounded, and firing upon ambulances and surgeons' temporary quarters during the contest.

Sudley Church is a small stone building of the roughest construction, and near it some of the hottest fighting of that memorable Sunday took place. It was at once taken possession of for the use of the wounded. Many of these poor fellows were in it and lying on the grass outside when our soldiers left the vicinity. The above is from a sketch taken by W. F. Osler, of the Fire Zouaves, for the N. Y. Illustrated News.

"Have you, sir? There was a letter from him this morning."

"From Haines! What does he say?"

Mr. Dexter took a letter from his pocket book, and put it into his master's hand, who ran his eyes over it.

"My letter will be useless, then, and I must write another," he exclaimed when he had finished. "I'll get it, and show you what I said."

"Let me get it for you," I interposed, as he was rising. And, without waiting for permission, I left the room. But the letter was not where I had left it: the table was empty.

"The letter is gone," I said to Mr. Chandos, returning to the room.

"Gone!" he repeated, taking out his watch. "It cannot be gone: it is only four o'clock."

"I meant to say that it was no longer on the table."

"Dexter, ring the bell. Hickens has been disobeying orders. What are my directions to you respecting the letters?" Mr. Chandos continued, when the butler appeared.

"In what way, sir?" asked Hickens.

"Have I not desired that the letters may always remain in the hall till the letter man comes for them, and that they shall be handed to him from the table, direct?"

"And so they always are, sir," replied Hickens.

"Where's the one, then, that was placed on the table half an hour ago?"

"I did not know that a letter had been placed there, sir. I have seen none."

"On which table did you put it, Miss Hereford?"

"On the proper table; where the letters are always put."

"You must have moved it, Hickens," again repeated Mr. Chandos.

"Indeed, sir, I have not. Had I seen a letter there, there it would have remained until the man arrived: but I have not been in the hall at all since Mr. Lake left."

Mr. Chandos rose and went into the hall, possibly with a view to look for the letter: he may have thought it had slipped down. I followed, to show him where it was placed, and Mr. Dexter and Hickens followed me. There were no signs of the letter to be seen, on the table, or on the floor, or anywhere.

"I put it here," I said to Mr. Chandos, touching the table with my finger.

"Was any one in the hall at the time?" he rejoined.

"Lizzy was passing through it. And Mrs. Penn and Hill were standing on the stairs."

"They would not touch it," hastily returned Mr. Chandos. "Hickens, call the servants here, every one."

They came in, men and maids, all much astonished, as their countenances betrayed. I scanned Lizzy's keenly, but could read nothing: from my heart I believed that the woman had taken the letter.

"A letter was placed on this table half an hour ago, in readiness for the post man," began Mr. Chandos. "That letter has disappeared. Which of you has removed it?"

A dead silence.

"It could not go without hands," continued Mr. Chandos, "therefore it must have been removed by one of you. I ask who has done it?"

Their tongues were let loose now, all eagerly denying that they had seen the letter, and apparently with truth. Mr. Chandos questioned Robin, one of the footmen, whether he had seen it when he opened the door to Mr. Dexter.

"I didn't notice any letter there, sir," was the man's reply. "I think I should likely have observed it, had there been one."

"Lizzy must have seen it, for she saw me place it there," I took courage to interrupt, vexed—yes, vexed—that no suspicion appeared to be directed to the right quarter. Mr. Chandos turned to her.

"I saw Miss Hereford come out of the oak parlor and put something on the table," she spoke up. "I think it did look like a letter."

"Did you meddle with it?" asked Mr. Chandos.

"Of course I didn't, sir," was Lizzy's answer. "I never so much as went near it. I was at the other end of the hall, going into the kitchen: Miss Hereford can say that I was."

At this juncture, Mrs. Chandos came down the stairs, dressed for going out, Mrs. Penn attending her. "Whatever is all this?" she exclaimed, as her eyes fell on the assemblage of servants. "What's the matter, Harry?"

"A letter has mysteriously disappeared from the hall, and I am trying to trace it," was his reply to her.

"A letter! how strange! Was it of moment?"

"These losses are always of moment, from the uncertainty and unpleasantness which attend them. I beg your pardon, Mrs. Penn; did you speak?"

"You may rely upon it," whispered Mrs. Penn, for she had drawn close to him in her eagerness, "that whoever opened my letter has taken this one! Mr. Chandos, for the peace and safety of the house, you ought not to leave a stone unturned to discover who it is that is acting with this shameful treachery."

Mr. Chandos gravely nodded in assent. That the culprit in both cases was one and the same, admitted of no doubt. And he turned his eyes from one servant to another, as if seeking the guilty mark in their faces.

"Did you see me put the letter on the table?" I asked of Mrs. Penn.

"No," she answered, looking at me inquiringly. "Is it your letter, then, which is missing? How should I have seen you?"

"It is not my letter: I only placed it there for Mr. Chandos. I saw you and Hill on the stairs at the time, and thought you might have observed me."

"I met Hill on the stairs some little time ago, I remember, and stayed to speak to her: but I did not see you."

"I saw Miss Hereford," spoke up Hill, who was also of the conference. "I saw her come from the oak parlor into the hall, and go back again, but I did not observe what it was for."

"Then, ma'am," interposed Lizzy, "you can just bear me out to master, perhaps, that I didn't go anigh the letter-table, if you were looking on at the hall."

"Yes, I can," said Mrs. Hill. "Had Lizzy approached the table I must have seen her. Besides, I came down myself immediately, and she was in the kitchen before I was."

But there's no proof that she did not afterwards come back, was the thought that flashed across me.

"And what should I do with a letter that was not mine?" cried Lizzy, in a resentful tone. "If master offered me a dozen of his letters to read, I'd rather be spared the trouble; they'd be of no good to me."

"Well, Harry, I must leave you to your investigation," said Mrs. Chandos. "If I am to have any walk, I must go, for the dusk will be coming on."

Mr. Chandos, question and inquire as he would, could come to no conclusion. The letter was gone, and, apparently, nobody knew how or where. The servants were dismissed, Mr. Chandos walked out with the agent, and I went up to my room.

It appeared that he accompanied Mr. Dexter as far as the gates, and, on returning, encountered Mrs. Penn, who was pacing the grounds, while Mrs. Chandos sat in an arbor. What passed, I of course did not know then; not for some time afterwards. Mrs. Penn saw him in a distant walk, and made her way across to it.

"Have you gained tidings of the letter?" she inquired.

"Not any. It is most singular. Until the last week or two, I believed that we had the most trustworthy set of servants at Chandos that it is possible for any family to have. What can there be in my letters that should interest them?"

"Nay," said Mrs. Penn, "I think it is a greater wonder what there should be in mine. I can understand dependants wishing to pry into their master's private affairs, but I cannot understand their caring to look into those of a stranger, as I am. Were I you, Mr. Chandos, I would leave other letters on the hall table, and set a private watch."

"It is my habit to leave letters on the table every day; for not a day passes but I have some for the post. They have never been tampered with, so far as I know, until this afternoon."

"You cannot be sure of that. But what shall you do in the matter now?"

"I don't know what to do; it is the sort of thing that causes me to feel at a nonplus. Were I to have an officer in the house to watch, as you suggest, it might prove useless."

"It would prove useless, were it known who he was, and his errand. Have you a suspicion of any one in particular?" she abruptly asked.

"Not the slightest. Neither can you have, I suppose."

Mrs. Penn was silent.

"Have you?" repeated he, thinking her manner peculiar.

"I would rather not answer the question, Mr. Chandos, because it would inevitably be followed by another, which I could not answer."

"Which is equivalent to confessing that your suspicions are directed to some quarter," he returned with awakened interest. "Why should you object to avow it?"

"Well, it is so," she replied. "I do think that all the circumstances—taking one loss, one disagreeable event with another—do tend to point suspicion to a certain quarter. But I may be wrong."

"To whom?" he asked.

"That is just the question that I knew would follow," returned Mrs. Penn; "the one which I hinted that I should decline to answer. No, Mr. Chandos, you possess the same facilities for observing and judging that I do; in fact, greater ones, and if you cannot draw your own deductions, I will not help you to them; it would be presumptuous of me to do so."

"You must allude to an inmate of Chandos."

"I should deem it impossible that any but an inmate of Chandos could play these tricks. Where would be the opportunity?"

"Mrs. Penn, if you do possess this suspicion, you ought to impart it to me," he gravely said.

"Were I *sure* that my suspicions were correct, I would do so; but, as I say, they may be mistaken. Forgive me if I hint that perhaps your own eyes are closed more than they need be. Were you to open them, you might see as clearly as I do."

"Then, you absolutely decline to help me?"

"Indeed I must. It would be out of place. Look out for yourself, Mr. Chandos; throwing aside your predilections and prejudices, weigh well all the circumstances, the minute points, and possibly you will need no help."

She hastened away, for Mrs. Chandos had risen and was looking out for her. Mr. Chandos walked on, musing.

Now, I had been debating a question with myself. Should I, or should I not, impart to Mr. Chandos my suspicions of Lizzy. Would it be just to do so? If it were indeed Lizzy who had held that conversation with Mr. Edwin Barley, then, beyond all doubt, it was she who had stolen Mr. Chandos's letter, who had taken the memorandum-book, who had forced Mrs. Penn's bag, who had helped herself to the letter of Madame de Mellissie. But I could not be certain that it was Lizzy who had been with Mr. Edwin Barley. I had no proof of it; some of what the world would call circumstantial evidence, but no positive proof. No, I would not mention her in connection with Mr. Edwin Barley; it would be unjust.

We dined alone, as usual, I and Mr. Chandos. He went up stairs afterwards, I suppose to the west wing. Mrs. Penn came peeping at the door later. The tea was on the table then.

"May I come in?" she said in a joking tone, as she advanced and took a seat by the fire. "It's well to be you, Miss Hereford, to have the run of this nice, comfortable parlor, all day; different from those rooms up stairs, I can tell you."

"Are they not comfortable?"

"I don't know about that; but they are wretchedly dull. I'd as soon be cooped up in a prison. Not a soul to speak to from morning to night, but Mrs. Chandos, her maid, and Emma. Here you have Mr. Chandos, full state and ceremony, besides the chance of seeing all the visitors."

I laughed at her catalogue of desirable things.

"'All' the visitors consist of a doctor now and then, and Mr. Dexter once in a way."

"Well, that's something. It is an improvement upon my life."

"If you are not satisfied, why do you remain?"

"Who said I was not satisfied? I did not: though I do grumble at the dullness. People who have their living to get, must put up with many things that others would not. I suppose," she added, after a pause, "they are all assembled in party conclave in the west wing; Mr. Chandos, Mrs. Chandos, and my lady."

"I wish Lady Chandos was better," I remarked.

Mrs. Penn turned round eagerly, her eye lighting with excitement.

"Anne Hereford—*forgive* my calling you so!—I'd give five guineas out of my pocket to know what it is that is the matter with her! Do you never gather a hint of it from Mr. Chandos?"

"Never. But why should you be so desirous to learn? What is it to you?"

"I have my reasons," she replied, nodding her head. "I won't tell them to you this evening, but I don't say that I never will. If she is insane, as I suspect, why then—but I'll say no more now. What a strange thing it is about that letter! Don't you think so?"

"Very."

"Did Mr. Chandos write one to send in its place?"

"I do not know."

"Were I Mr. Chandos, I should institute—" Mrs. Penn stopped abruptly, for Mr. Chandos himself appeared.

"Ah, Mrs. Penn, you here?" he exclaimed, "have you come to honor us with your company to tea?"

"No indeed, I am not so fortunate. I only ran down for a minute's change, while Mrs. Chandos was absent. I must return to make tea for her now."

She said good-evening and left us alone. After tea we gathered round the fire, he resting his leg still; I near the lights, at my embroidery.

"Anne," began Mr. Chandos, "what is your opinion of that letter affair to-day?"

"I am very sorry that it has happened; because it must make every one feel uncomfortable."

"The worst is, that it seems so utterly impossible to fix upon any particular one as likely to have done it. I have no suspicion whatever."

I looked into his face: I suppose it was a peculiar look, for it arrested his attention.

"Why! you have no suspicion, have you?"

"Only a faint one. It may be called a doubt, more than a suspicion."

"You and Mrs. Penn must be in league, I think!" he resumed, after a pause. "She confessed to entertaining a suspicion, though she would not say of whom. It is singular that you should both see what I cannot."

"I did not know that Mrs. Penn suspected any one. She has said nothing to me."

"Will you tell me whom you doubt?"

"But it is scarcely fair. I have no proof."

"Never mind that. I shall not hastily act upon any information, I assure you; I shall judge for myself."

"Then I think it is Lizzy."

"Lizzy!" uttered Mr. Chandos, after a pause of irrepressible astonishment. *Lizzy!*"

"It is but a suspicion. I say that I can prove nothing—that I am not sure."

"Rely upon it you are wrong, Anne. Lizzy would be one of the very last to act treacherously. She has lived with us for years, and is attached to us. What grounds can you have conjured up for suspecting her?"

Before I could answer, Hickens entered, with a message from one of the tenants, who had come up. Mr. Chandos went out to speak to the man, but did not remain long.

"It is a beautiful night!" he remarked, some little time after he came in.

I don't know why I should have done it; unthinkingly I believe; but I walked to the window and drew aside the muslin curtain to look: and found my face in contact (save for the glass that was between us) with that of another face, which was peering in! Whose, I could not tell, I was too much startled to distinguish, save that it was like a man's. I drew back with a scream, and Mr. Chandos started up.

"A man's face! close to the window! There it is," I cried, nearly choking in my fear.

Mr. Chandos laid forcible hold of me, put me in a chair, and peremptorily ordered me to remain there, not to stir. Then he sprang to the window; and, in his too hasty efforts to throw it open, broke a pane of glass. He leaped out.

I sat there, trembling and shaking; the window open, the curtain waving gently in the night breeze—and that terrible face without. Mr. Chandos looked stern and white when he returned, and blood was dripping from his hand.

"I can see no one: but I could not stay long, my hand bled so," he said, snatching up his white handkerchief which lay on the table, and winding it round the palm. "Anne, do you think these are not fancies of yours—this seeing people at the window?"

"I wish I could think so. How have you hurt your hand?"

"With the glass: did you not notice that I broke a pane? If you can give me a bit of linen rag, I'll do it properly up: I have some plaster. I don't ring for help; not caring that this should be known in the household."

I rose and went to my room, in search of some linen rag, shivering and ducking my head as I passed each window in succession. To my imagination it seemed that a man's face must be at each, peering in upon me.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE NIGHT ALARM. THE GHOST.

I knew that I had some pieces of old linen in my trunk, and proceeded to search for them. In doing this, a small parcel, very small, got into my hands, and I looked at it with some curiosity, not remembering what it contained: so I undid the paper.

Two sovereigns. Two sovereigns! What should bring two sovereigns in my trunk? I did not possess any—never had possessed any, that I could remember. My money—what little I owned—was in French Napoleons, all, save a little English silver, which had been changed for me by Madame de Mellissie.

A strange thought came over me, quick as a flash of lightning: *Were these the two marked sovereigns lost by Mr. Chandos?* If so, why then they had been placed in my box, with a purpose; and I must have some baneful enemy lodged in that house? I examined them by the light of the candle; I could see no marks; but perhaps Mr. Chandos might, as he had marked them. Finding the linen, I went down, carrying it and the sovereigns. Hickens was going into the room at the same moment, bearing a salver, on which lay a letter. He presented it to Mr. Chandos.

"Who is this from?"

"I don't know, sir; it has been brought by hand."

Mr. Chandos took it from the waiter with the left hand. Hickens then observed the stained handkerchief wound round the other.

"What is the matter, sir?" he hastily exclaimed. "You have met with an accident!"

"Ah," said Mr. Chandos, in a tone of raillery, as if making light of the affair, "this comes, Hickens, of doing things in a hurry. You must bring me in a basin of water. I attempted to throw open the window, not observing that it was fastened; it resisted, and my hand slipped through the glass. Close the heavy curtains."

Hickens withdrew to the window to obey the order. I stood by Mr. Chandos with the linen rag. "Presently," he nodded. "Open this for me, will you, Anne?"

I took the letter from him, unsealed and opened it. As I handed it back to him, my eyes accidentally fell upon my own name.

"It concerns me!" I uttered. "Who can be writing to you about me?"

Mr. Chandos ran his eyes over the lines—there were but few—and a scowl contracted his brow. He read them over again, and then folded the letter.

"Hickens," he called out, "who brought this? When did it come?"

"It came but now, sir. I don't know who brought it: a young man, he looked—wearing a cloak. He came to the kitchen door. I happened to be standing there and took it from him. 'For Mr. Chandos,' he said, and turned away. I thought how quickly he made off."

"Should you know him again?"

"No, sir, I think not. I'm not sure, though."

Hickens waited, but Mr. Chandos said no more, and he quitted the room.

"Is the letter from Madame de Mellissie?" I asked.

"I don't know who it is from," said Mr. Chandos. "It is anonymous."

"Anonymous! And about me!"

I stood looking at him. I connected this letter with the two sovereigns I had just found: some one was at work to ruin me in the estimation of Chandos House.

"Mr. Chandos, that is not a pleasant letter, is it?" I asked.

"Anonymous letters never are pleasant ones," he rejoined. "If I had my way, the writers of such should all be shaken in a bag together and sunk in the bottom of the sea. Do not let it trouble you; it defeats its own ends."

"Will you allow me to read it?"

"It would give you no pleasure."

"But it might give me some light, Mr. Chandos; and light is what I want just now. I request it as a favor."

"Very well. My showing it to you will prove the sort of estimation I set upon it. You and I must unite together in striving to unearth the snake," was his reply, as he laid it before me:—

"Mr. Chandos: You have got some trouble in your house at present, and are suspecting your servants; but there are two others whom you have more cause to suspect—the companion to Mrs. Chandos, and the young lady, Miss Anne Hereford. Please to remember that none of these misfortunes happened till these strangers were at Chandos; and your servants have been with you for years. It is one of those two who is the guilty one, and so you will find if you take the proper means of investigation. You don't appear to have cast a thought to them, but you had better do so now. I write as A FRIEND."

"It would implicate Mrs. Penn as well as myself!" I exclaimed, when I had read the letter.

"Yes; forgetting that Mrs. Penn is a sufferer with myself—or perhaps not knowing it."

The tears came into my eyes: I could not help it. "Do you doubt me, Mr. Chandos?"

He laid hold of my hand, bending those grave eyes, laughing then, upon mine.

"Doubt you! So greatly that I am deliberating whether I shall not send for the police and give you in charge. Oh, Anne, Anne! you little simpleton!"

"Will you not see to your hand?"

"Ay, it wants seeing to."

It was the palm that was cut, badly, I thought. Mr. Chandos seemed to understand what to do to it, and the dressing was soon over. Hickens called to take away the basin and other things, and we were alone again. I took the two sovereigns from my pocket, in the same paper in which I had found them, and gave them to Mr. Chandos.

"Will you please to look at these, and tell me if you know them."

"Sovereigns!" he exclaimed, as he took them. "What do you mean by 'know them?' How should I know these from any others?"

"Are there any marks by which you would know them?"

He looked at me for a moment inquiringly. Then, as if a thought occurred to him, took a hasty step forward and held them close to the light.

"Anne! where did you find these?"

"But you have not answered my question. Do you recognize them?"

"Yes. They are the sovereigns I lost out of my desk. See, here are the marks."

I stood close by him and looked where he pointed. The marks, imperceptible to my unaccustomed sight before, were plain enough now. I sat down again.

"In looking in my trunk for the linen, I found them, Mr. Chandos, wrapped up as you saw. I knew they were not mine, for I have no English gold, and it immediately struck me that they must have been put there with a purpose; that they were, very probably, the sovereigns you marked and lost. So I brought them down to show you."

He remained silent a considerable time. "Who is your enemy in the house, Anne?" he asked at length.

"I did not know I had one. So far as I am aware, I have given offence to none, since I have been within it."

"Were your boxes locked?"

"Yes, and must have been opened with false keys. Mr. Chandos, I ought to leave your house now. I am not safe."

"You are perfectly safe, Anne, for you possess a powerful protector: one who will not suffer harm to touch you; who will shield you even from annoyance, so far as is practicable."

I knew that he alluded to himself, and thanked him in my heart. But it was not in his power to ward off annoyance from me, in the face of a hidden enemy, such as I appeared to have.

"When we were interrupted this evening I was about to ask your grounds for suspecting Lizzy," resumed Mr. Chandos. "Will you tell them to me?"

"You remember the evening I went to look for Madame de Mellissie's letter. I told you I found Lizzy in my room; she was darting out in confusion, having, no doubt, heard my approach. I inquired what she did there, and she told me she had come in to do Harriet's work: which I found was an untruth, for Harriet went in afterwards as usual. Well, I said no more to Lizzy, but proceeded to look for Emily's letter. It was not there; it had disappeared; and I found, moreover, that both my boxes had been opened and their contents examined. How could I do otherwise than suspect Lizzy? That she had been at some mischief in my room I felt very sure: and, I cannot but think that whoever opened my boxes and stole that letter, was the author of the rest of the mischief."

"Do you recollect the excuse Lizzy subsequently made to you for being in the room? That she was watching the grounds. I think it likely to have been the true cause."

"I believe that the first reason for my suspecting Lizzy—for suspecting, I mean, that she was not acting a clear, straightforward part—was her strange manner with regard to that attack upon you. Why should she have been so eager to put it upon the gipsies?"

"True: her manner then was singular," he rejoined. "Notwithstanding, I would stake my credit upon Lizzy's innocence. She has been in the family for some years and served us faithfully."

It was at my tongue's end to proclaim the interview I had been a witness to, in which Mr. Edwin Barley had borne a part, and to avow my belief that his companion was Lizzy. But I stopped myself in time. Mr. Chandos would naturally have said, "Where are your proofs that it was Lizzy?" and of proof I had none. He began telling off on his fingers the inmates of Chandos.

"There's my mother, Mrs. Chandos, myself, Hill, Hickens: for all these I can answer. Then come the servants. For some of them I believe I can equally answer, Lizzy being one: but I regard them all as honest and trustworthy."

"Therefore the uncertain ones are only Mrs. Penn and myself."

"And Mrs. Penn is certainly exempted," he rejoined. "For she has been meddled with in an equal degree with any of us."

"Then it leaves but me!"

"Just so; only you. But, Anne," bending his grave, kind eyes upon me, "I would answer for you with my *life*."

"If it is not Lizzy that is my enemy, who else can it be?" I exclaimed.

"Why should you think it to be Lizzy more than any one else? She can have no cause of enmity against you."

Again flashed across me that interview with Mr. Edwin Barley. If it was Lizzy who was in league with him, no need to search for a motive.

"But, that I have an enemy, is indisputable. That letter which you have just received, and these sovereigns prove it."

"Anne, Lizzy could not have written such a letter as this."

That he was prejudiced in favor of Lizzy, determined to admit nothing against her, I saw; so I relapsed into silence. Mr. Chandos did not break it. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

NATURAL CONSTRUCTION OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—The Abbe Sicard, well known as the originator of the present excellent method of instructing the deaf and dumb, is said to have remarked to some travellers visiting him at Paris, that of all languages the English was the most simple, the most rational, and the most natural in its construction; and, as an evidence of the truth of his assertion, he further observed, that his pupils, as they began to learn the means of conveying their thoughts by writing, invariably made use of English forms of expression.

BEAUREGARD'S ANCESTRY.—The name of Beauregard, the Rebel General-in Chief, having penetrated to Mexico, the *Diario di Mejico* furnishes some biographical information concerning him. This authority states that the grandfather of Beauregard was a Mexican bandit, called Boregallio, who acquired great wealth by his depredations in the mountains of Sierra Madre. At his death, the gang broke up, and his son, Boregallio, jr., emigrated to New Orleans, where he bought two large estates; the first he called Touton, and the second Beauregard: hence the name of Touton Beauregard. Subsequently, he was fortunate enough to marry a lady of high parentage, and at once acquired great influence among the foreign population of Louisiana. As with his property, so with his offspring; the first child was named Touton, the second Beauregard, and so on with all the children alternately. In the year 1831 or 1832, he obtained for his fourth son an admission into the Military Academy at West Point, under the appellation of G. T. Beauregard. This fourth son is the man now General-in-Chief of the Rebels.

☞ The South has for years inveighed against the North. The North will now invade the South.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1861.

TERMS, &c.

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No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POMEROY.—We are afraid the style of articles you mention would not be acceptable to our readers.

THE BATTLE OF SPRINGFIELD.

More sad news—saddest of all, the loss of several hundreds of brave men, including the energetic and heroic Gen. Lyon.

Acting with his accustomed intrepidity, Lyon seems to have marched out of Springfield to give battle to an enemy greatly superior in number, with his usual faith in himself, his men, and his cause. But he fell "early in the action"—and his loss was equal to that of a thousand men.

Yet, disheartened as they must have been, by the loss of their leader, the gallant Missouri, Iowa and Kansas regiments seem not to have faltered, but to have held their own, until the pressure of superior numbers made a retreat imperative. Then, in good order, and with no unsoldierly haste, they fell back to meet their reinforcements.

Tears and laurel wreaths for the dead of that day! May their memory be ever fresh in the hearts of their countrymen. And as for Lyon—for whom, as we at this distance gazed upon him, the very proudest of careers seemed to be opening—let the enduring marble ascend in the future, to tell to coming generations how he lived, and how and where he died.

It is said that our forces at Springfield were greatly outnumbered. As Lyon is reported to have applied repeatedly for reinforcements—and as he was not the man to ask aid without good cause—we suppose that the expiration of the service of the three months' volunteers had rendered it impossible at the moment to comply with his demands. Perhaps the Government is to blame for this—and it is very convenient to have a Government to blame—but often the people should be willing to take blame to themselves, for often they assuredly deserve it.

To the great Western States the country looks for the protection of Missouri, and the opening of the Mississippi. Perhaps the West, like the East, has not yet fully realized the magnitude of the work which is before it.

Well, our people have this comfort—they belong to a race that is able to learn wisdom from adversity. The Secessionists threatened long ago "to take the conceit out of us;" and that is about the only good thing they are capable of doing. We want the conceit taken out of us, just so much as there is in us. When that operation is duly gone through with—not a very pleasant one, but wholesome and necessary—then we probably shall begin properly to proportion our means to the ends which we desire to attain; and if we make a mistake either way, make it on the safe side, by having always double the force in the field which we suppose will be necessary. We shall find the cost of providing this great surplus of means economy in the end, both of treasure and of life.

HAMPTON.

When the people of Richmond first heard of the burning of Hampton, they thought it was done by Gen. Butler, and upbraided the prisoners there accordingly. Afterwards when it was made known to them that it was done by their own general, Magruder, they scarcely knew what to say. The Richmond correspondent of the Petersburg (Va.) Express, says:—

> It has now been definitely ascertained here that Hampton was burned by Confederate troops, in obedience to an order from Gen. Magruder. The event is hotly discussed, and many are disposed to condemn the movement. As the reasons which prompted such an unusual proceeding have not been made public, *I forbear comment.*

It seems difficult to understand, this burning of Hampton. Are they going to burn every town and city which may be likely to afford shelter to our troops? If they do, and our troops act on a similar principle, there probably will be a great destruction of villages, towns and cities before the war is over.

As it appears to us, the burning of Hampton was a wanton and unnecessary destruction of private property, because the ends to be attained by its destruction are not sufficiently important to justify it. It is not like the burning of Moscow, by any manner of means. If our troops were compelled to winter at Hampton, could not erect barracks elsewhere, and the climate of Southern Virginia were that of Russia, there would be some degree of similarity between the two cases. One account from a secession source, says that Gen. Butler could have interfered, but did not. It does not explain though why he should have interfered to prevent the secessionists from burning up their own houses. It would have been difficult, however, to preserve a wooden town, when once thoroughly set on fire—and a battle for the possession of such a town would probably find the victor in possession of a heap of ashes.

This burning of Hampton, so far as appears at present, was thus an act of sheer vandalism. The rebels might have burned Alexandria when they evacuated it, with much greater reason. We trust it is an action that will not be imitated by the Union forces. The temporary inconvenience to which the burning of a town may put an enemy, is not, except under very peculiar circumstances, to be put in comparison with the great injury it inflicts upon society as a whole, and upon unoffending parties, including women and children. If Southern towns and cities are to be burned, let the rebels have a monopoly of the business.

MISSOURI.

General Pillow is believed to be at New Madrid. Seven steamers were seized at Memphis, and sent to bring his command back, but the news of the affair at Springfield, and the retreat of the Union forces to Rolla, probably caused a reversal of orders. Pillow's proclamation on entering Missouri, contains the following infamous paragraph:—

> "Our mission is to place our down-trodden sister on her feet and enable her to breathe, after the heavy tread of the tyrant's foot. Then by her own brave sons she will maintain her rights and protect her own fair women from the foe whose forces march under banners inscribed with 'beauty and booty' as the reward of victory. In victory the brave are always merciful, but *no quarter* will be shown to troops marching under such a banner."

Pillow knows well that the charge made against the Union forces of marching under the banner of "beauty and booty" is an infamous lie—but he wanted a pretext for barbarity. If he means to show no quarter, he should also mean to ask none—but then he knows he is dealing with civilized men, who would not refuse quarter even to such a blood-thirsty savage as he appears to be.

We shall be surprised if Fremont does not give a good account of Pillow before many months. Judging from a recent letter to the *Inquirer*, Fremont is manifesting his usual energy. It says:—

> General Fremont has worked wonders since he reached St. Louis. People wonder how he has done it. We happen to know, having met a man who was with him until within a day or two. On his arrival he looked around him and noted his wants. Instead of waiting the slow course of mails, he telegraphed his requisitions to Washington, and ordered them to be ready on such a day at St. Louis. *Red Tape* answered back, "You cannot have them, for we cannot perform impossibilities." He appealed to the President, who clothed him with the necessary power and means to procure all he wanted. In four days he invested some millions in surrounding his men with articles of food and clothing which they were suffering for, and in such munitions as were needed. His steamboat feat astonished the natives. But he wanted some columbiads from the Pittsburg arsenal. He ordered them by an express train. Red Tape answered, "it would be very expensive." "Send me the guns as I ordered, and waste no time in parleying," was his answer. The guns went.

GARIBALDI.

Although the report that the great hero of European liberty has offered his services to the American government, and is to be made a Major General, seems to be semi-official, we doubt it very much. Garibaldi's son has written to a gentleman in Washington, that his father objected to his (the son's) coming, because ours was a family quarrel, and could be settled more easily without foreign interference than with it; *that it was based on a political question in which the nations were not interested*, and in the settlement of which they could not become parties.

In answer also to a deputation of the patriots of Genoa, appointed to question him as to the truth of a previous report, Garibaldi replied:—

> Say to all who ask you, that Garibaldi considers the interest of his country above all things, and that he will never expose his life in other battles, so long as his own fatherland has a right to ask his life for its deliverance; and say that it is no time to think of fighting for a stranger land now, as the Independence of Italy, and her deliverance from the tyranny of strangers, is so near our thresholds."

Therefore, while nothing would please us better than to see Garibaldi—like a second Lafayette—enrolled among our leaders in the present struggle, we have very little expectation of his coming. His first duty is to Italy—his second to the great cause of human freedom, wherever he may hear it calling to him (to use his own language) in the thunder of its cannon.

SAUL AMONG THE PROPHETS.

Our readers who go to church on Sunday—as who does not?—know that once upon a time in the land of Judea, certain individuals caught themselves prophesying, who had not the remotest intention of doing so. In fact, the spirit overmastered them.

Something not very unlike this unintentional speaking of the truth, recently happened to Mr. Wise—Governor and General—of Virginia, who, as our readers perhaps know, is remarkable for the brevity of his letters and speeches; never making a speech more than twenty-four hours long, or writing a letter of more than forty-eight columns of such a paper as *The Post.* He was addressing the Virginia Convention, before the passage of the secession ordinance, when he said:—

> "It is the charm of the basilisk's eye, or the subtle power of a magnetic influence, like that which holds the needle to the pole, that the North possesses, and by which it draws all things to it!" [And the speaker plunged into a hurried episode relative to his trip to Brazil to point his invective. As his vessel's keel cut the Southern seas, day after day he saw the North Star sink, and with it sank his heart, for he felt as he had never felt before, that he was losing the very beacon-light of his native land. Lower and still lower dipped the trembling star, and at last, and even while on deck he watched it, it disappeared beneath the waves.] "And then I turned," (said the speaker, in a tone of preternatural exultation,) "and looked upon the Southern hemisphere of night, and there was blazing amid its constellations the glorious *Southern Cross*, the emblem of our faith, the cynosure of our people. *But did the needle turn with our hearts, and point to this glowing Cross?* Oh, no! but still trembling and true, it searched on end ever in the dark for that polar star of the *North*."

In view of the above, may we not ask as of old, Is Wise also among the prophets? Even in a speech intended to persuade the people of his native state to wander off into the arid and barren deserts of secession, he finds himself forced to bear witness to the greatness and grandeur of the North—to the magnetic influence of a land whose superiority in the arts and sciences, in literature, in wealth, and in the other great essentials of spiritual and material power, makes it the great polar star of the Western continent. Yes, even at this moment of fear and gloom, all that is noblest and best in the South, like that needle which Mr. Wise describes, "*still trembling and true, is searching on ever and ever in the dark for the polar star of the North.*"

THE FUTURE.

> Less than twenty thousand soldiers, British and American, have sufficed the military needs of a region twice as extensive as the continent of Europe, in which 4,000,000 troops are now in arms. The question to be decided by the pending war is—shall this state of things continue, or must this continent go through the same experience as Europe, and spend some centuries in exhaustive wars. If the Slave States succeed in their rebellion the latter alternative is unavoidable, and Canada cannot expect to escape the fate of the rest of the continent.

The above is from a Canadian source—and we are glad to see indications that the Canadians are beginning to understand that Union is the true American policy.

If the South were organized as a military and aggressive aristocracy—as she would be if separated from the Union—we also should be compelled to strengthen our Executive, and maintain a large army. Southern forts along the border, would have to be met by Northern forts. As the South increased her armies or navies, we should have to increase ours—the rivalry of England and France over again.

Canada also would find it necessary to join in the expensive game. In fact the old folly of separate kingdoms, which has deluged Europe with blood, and loaded its people with taxes and aristocracies, would be repeated here.

The true interests of the Continent therefore imperatively demand Union. Peace, mild government, light taxes will result from Union; war, aristocracies and dictatorships, and heavy taxes will result from the formation of separate nationalities.

But an Union which is not able to control its members is no Union at all; it would be living always at the point of death. And one successful rebellion would be the parent of twenty others! The present rebellion put down, and the Future is secure. Union becomes the great law of American political life.

OUR NORTHERN MONEY.—Here is the kind of money that the Union troops are paid with according to the secessionists. A Richmond authority says, speaking of the captured troops:

> Much of the "money" they have upon their persons is in the shape of small cards, an inch wide by an inch and a half long, upon which is printed the following, the name of the regiment only being altered:

GOOD FOR
FIVE CENTS.
K,
MINNESOTA REGIMENT.

We suppose this report is to reconcile their own troops to a similar currency. The fact is that the three months' men, besides their pay in gold and silver, have been selling their certificates of having served in the army, to parties in this city, for thirty to forty dollars apiece. The "cards" in question are probably "sutler's tickets."

"THE PHILADELPHIA HEALTH JOURNAL," is the title of a new paper, the first number of which is before us, devoted to the "True Laws of Life, the Nature and Causes of Disease," &c. It is edited by S. M. Landis, M. D., 218 North Ninth street.

WARNING RUSSELL.

The last that was seen of Russell, Barrister, L L. D. and S. N. O. B., he was in full retreat from Manassas. We hope that he managed to preserve his notes, and not "draw on his imagination for his facts," as he did during his Southern tour. If he is ever caught south of Mason and Dixon again, we bespeak a *warm* reception for him—warm tar covered with feathers, another essentially American institution.

The above is from the *Sun*, a Secession print published at Vicksburg, Mississippi. We think it very probable that if they caught Russell, they would do exactly as they say—making an abject apology to the British government afterwards, in order "to save their bacon." Mr. Russell seems at first to have been deluded by secession varnish, but the longer he stayed south, the more he wanted to get away from there. Certain little singularities of behaviour which he observed in the southwest, such as tarring and feathering, knifing, and "shooting in your tracks," seem to have disgusted if not alarmed him. Doubtless he began to feel a little like the London mayor who was afraid he would waken up some morning with his throat cut. He could not make proper allowance for those playful manifestations of southern energy, and evidently longed for a land where the people were more cold-blooded, prosaic and lacking in chivalric qualities. His letters to the *Times* show this very plainly. And yet Mr. Russell, being an Irishman, should remember that there was once a time in Ireland when the state of society was not much better than it is now in New Orleans. Doubtless in twenty years from this time, Mr. Russell would be as safe in Louisiana as in London.

THE TIMES.

Our own opinion is, that the times, so far as business is concerned, if our armies do not meet with heavy reverses, will soon grow better. The government expenditures, from this time forward, will be at the rate of about a million of dollars a day. This money is borrowed from the capitalists of the country, and spent among the people. As an English correspondent of the *North American* says:—

> It is impossible that one or two hundred millions of dollars (it will be double that,) should be annually expended for food, clothing, and all the other various requisites of active warfare, without stimulating almost every branch of business in the country where that expenditure takes place. Men are at present living on their stores, and purchase nothing, because fearful that they may soon have nothing to spend. But these stores will soon be consumed, and then, as they must be clothed and must eat, they will begin to buy again; and by the time that this necessity occurs, they will find that their fears were chimerical, and that money may be commanded by the exercise of their faculties as before. The fear is that the reaction may be too great; that there may be an excessive expansion and excessive over-trading, followed by the necessary consequence—collapse. *Remember how England struggled through a war of more than twenty years, spending almost fabulous sums of money, yet, during all that time, with the exception of short periods, wonderfully prosperous within*; and, in the case of England, a vast amount of her expenditures, either in the shape of subsidies to other nations, or the support of her armies abroad, were expended without her own limits, while almost all our expenditures will be at home.

WHY BEAUREGARD DIDN'T TAKE WASHINGTON.—A distinguished officer in the Southern army, who has been at Manassas, communicates this: "You are now ready to ask why we did not advance on Alexandria and Washington, when we had the enemy in confusion and fleeing from our forces. I do not know what was the reason. Johnston, Beauregard and President Davis held a consultation. Beauregard was in favor of advancing immediately, but Davis and Johnston both opposed the movement. Whether it was right or wrong, I shall not pretend to say. If we had advanced, we might now have Washington in our possession. But then what would Washington be worth to us after we had taken it, and how difficult would it have been to hold it? I think we ought to have advanced on Alexandria, and driven the enemy from the soil of Virginia; but President Davis said not, and I am willing to risk him in everything."

The true reason that Beauregard "didn't take Washington," is the old one—"why Jack didn't eat his supper." Jack's *will* was good enough, so was Beauregard's. Beauregard, doubtless, thought he had made quite a good enough day of it, in saving himself from being thrashed; and we agree with him. He could not even break the reserve defence, and cut the disorganized regiments to pieces, let alone take Washington. Why, a large number of his own regiments, it would appear, were in but little better condition than ours. Of one thing "a distinguished officer in the Southern service" may be assured, neither Jeff. Davis's magnanimity nor modesty will ever stand in the way of his taking Washington. And if he ever does take it, and finds he cannot hold it, he will blow and burn it all to pieces before leavi. , it, and leave it a desolate ruin like Hampton, as sure as his name is Jeff.

A CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTION.—It is known that the politicians of Virginia are professedly great sticklers for a strict observance of the Constitution? Now the last question for them is, Was the burning of Hampton by General Magruder constitutional? The opinion of Messrs. Breckenridge, Burnett, and Vallandigham is also requested upon this point. We believe there is no special clause in the rebel Constitution authorizing the burning of the towns and cities of Virginia. As all these gentlemen recently have been employed in straining at gnats, it will be amusing, to say the least, to see them vary the entertainment by swallowing a camel.

☞ An old maid, who has her eye a little sideways on matrimony, says:—"The curse of this war is, that it will make so many widows, who will be fierce to get married, and know so well how to do it, that modest old maids will stand no chance at all."

☞ The ladies who wear red, white and blue rosettes, are real patriots, and therefore ready for an *engagement*.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MADEMOISELLE MORI. A TALE OF MODERN ROME. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Bro.'s, Philada.

It appears to us that the chronicle of modern Italy is to be found best told not in her own, but in the English tongue. It would seem that those who are most closely environed with the smoke and turmoil of the life-struggle she is waging, are not fitted to look abroad with calm observant eyes, and tell the history they are acting. Thousands of hearts thrilled in answer to the passionate plea for "the Juliet of nations," in Mrs. Browning's "Casa Guidi Windows," but it was an Anglo-Saxon mind that put us *en rapport* with the Italian nation.

The author of "Lorenzo Benoni" and "Doctor Antonio," claims Italy for his mother country, but he writes in the English tongue, and shares the English character. Such books as the "Marble Faun" of Hawthorne are not added to this list since they give an entirely foreign view of Italian life. What foreigners see in Rome is the Rome of the past, with her monuments and relics of the by-gone ages of her historic grandeur; what the in-dwellers see is the Rome of the present, filled with the throbbing, seething, tumultuous life of to-day.

The book whose title heads these remarks introduces us very intimately into the life of the Roman people in one of the most interesting phases of their modern history, the revolution of 1848–9. Without being in the least exaggerated or over-wrought, it is remarkably lively and graphic, the story is interesting and the characters vivid and well-defined.

Irene, the heroine, is a beautiful and almost ideal creation, but there are other characters who stand out with even more life-like distinctness.

The wily plotter Count Clementi; Gemna, the fierce and unprincipled Roman girl, with such passions seething in her heart under her Parisian robe as made the tragedies of ancient Rome; Cecchi, the type of the "red republicans," who, despising the moderate counsels of the conservative liberals, have again and again wrecked the popular cause upon the rocks of fanatical excess; Madame Cecchi with her truly comic and truly Italian alternations of feeling, and mingling of earnestness and frivolity, impulsive action and chronic laziness; and the servants, perhaps the best and most characteristic portraits of all; all these are characters with whom we recommend our readers to become acquainted. They introduce us into sympathy with the Italian nation, charming in spite of, or perhaps because of, its very faults—the faults of the child-like and impassioned Southern; and their history teaches us with renewed emphasis the lesson of our own destiny, contrasting union, liberty, strength, with disunion, weakness, and foreign tyranny.

A few extracts will show the spirit and style of the narrative. The following is a graphic description of a well-known institution of the Church of Rome, the yearly Lavanda, or washing of the pilgrims' feet.

> "The visitors followed in the stream, past one room, where sat the female pilgrims, clustered as thick as bees, waiting till they were summoned, to another large room on a lower floor, along whose walls ran stone benches, below which stood a goodly array of tubs.
>
> "Here there was no barrier; visitors and '*sorelle*' mingled together, and a general Babel of sounds arose, in the midst of which the train of pilgrims began to enter, each led by a lady to a place on the benches. They were of all ages, and of very unequal ranks, from all parts of Italy, and from Germany, speaking dialects various and unintelligible, to the great amusement of the younger *sorelle*, who laughed more than was quite proper for sisters of charity. Old and young and middle-aged were these pilgrims; one wore a heavy black coif which marked her a widow; another was a beautiful girl, scarcely sixteen; a third withered and bent with a child in her arms fast asleep. Side by side they sat, looking patient and weary, and a little embarrassed by their novel situation. The laughing and talking went on all around them, nobody paying them much attention, till a priest entered. Carrying a book; an attendant followed, with a candle, a bell, and a desk, on which the book—a Latin Bible—was placed; the priest opened it, the bell was loudly rung, and the chattering ceased for a moment, while each lady knelt down and prepared to wash the feet of a pilgrim, both reciting a Pater Noster, and the priest read aloud in Latin the chapter which tells how our Lord washed His disciples' feet. Silence for an instant—then whispered requests for towels, water, this and that, rose in gusts, soon louder, more general; the hum had recommenced, the voice of the reader was drowned; he signed for silence in vain, then rang his little bell vehemently, and turning to the crowd, exclaimed in despair, 'Sisters, sisters, hush! it is scandalous, scandalous, most scandalous!'
>
> "With one accord all the throng cried hush, and there was a brief pause, during which the unintelligible Latin lecture again proceeded, only to be overpowered anew by the mirthfol throng, who, like birds let loose, darted up stairs again as soon as the *lavanda* was over, to aid in the second part of the entertainment, namely, supper.
>
> "'I see that only a small part of the sisterhood shared in the actual *lavanda*,' said Mrs. Dalzell, as they went up stairs.
>
> "'It is permitted, not obligatory,' said Irene; 'they do it or not, as they choose. People consider it as a humiliation. I heard an English lady down stairs saying it must be a severe penance; but really I think the *sorelle* only consider it very diverting.'
>
> "'I should have allowed a little soap,' said Mrs. Dalzell. 'It strikes me the pilgrims rather submit to the washing than like it.'
>
> "'Yes,' said Irene; 'did you hear that lady—English from her accent—who asked one woman if she did not feel grateful for the kindness shown her by the young lady?'
>
> "She answered with such a droll look, 'Not in the least, dear signora; the young lady gains an indulgence by it; I am of advantage to her, more than she to me, since spiritual things are more valuable than earthly.'
>
> "'A reply that my countrywoman hardly expected,' said Mrs. Dalzell. 'I often think the lower classes of Italians and of Irish alike in their ready answers.'"—pp. 323–4.

Here is an amusing specimen of the minor vexations which, in some shape or other, it seems the lot of mistresses to endure as their penalty for receiving service, be it from smooth Italians, blundering Irish, or independent American "help."

> "'Zenaide!' called Madame Marriotti, in quick, imperative tones: 'Zenaide! where is that large letter which I was reading in bed this morning?'
>
> "'*Non saprei dire*—I could say, Signora.'
>
> "'I had it less than an hour ago, and now I can't find it; where can it be gone?'
>
> "'*Anima mia*—who knows?'
>
> "'Be so kind as to look for it,' said Madame Marriotti, growing momently more excited and nervous, but preserving the almost invariable courtesy with which servants are addressed in Italy.
>
> "Zenaide made a feeble attempt to find the letter, by lifting a book and a handkerchief, and casting a glance around, but no letter caught her eye, and crossing her hands on her apron, she said, resignedly, 'It is lost, dear Signora; it is the will of Heaven that we should not find it.'
>
> "'*Cara mia!* I tell you it must be found; it is of importance. I had —why, here it is! how could it—ah well—it is all right now. Go and fetch my dinner. What's the matter now?'
>
> "'It is not the hour yet, Signora.'
>
> "'*Benedetta te.* Did I not tell you I would have my soup at noon to-day?'
>
> "'No, Signora, I did not hear you.'
>
> "'Well, well, go along and get it ready this instant, if you please; make haste, *via, via.* It is surprising,' said Madame Marriotti, subsiding again into her usual plaintive and reflective tone; "it is really very surprising that she should have the moral force of character to tell me such a falsehood, when she knows that she heard my orders, and knows that I know she did hear me.'" p. 391.

A bit of pleasant street-scenery shall conclude our extracts.

> "As they passed through the streets, Mrs. Dalzell looked around with the interest of a foreigner, and said smiling to Vincenzo 'I suppose these things have no charm for you; but do you know I see at once three sights in this very street every one of which should make a perfect picture!'
>
> "Irene followed her eye, and exclaimed triumphantly, 'I see what one is! That flower in the balcony. I suppose you have not got it in England.'
>
> "'No, I mean a living flower,' said Mrs. Dalzell, amused, the more because she saw that Vincenzo had instantly discovered the real object of her admiration, an exceedingly handsome woman, who, with white drapery on her head, scarlet boddice, and coral necklace, was leaning from an upper window, with one arm round a water-jar on the sill, while she looked coquettishly upwards to a neighbor with whom she was conversing, at a window still higher in the same house.
>
> "'Now the group below—those burly, brown friars, with their hoods drawn over their heads, who are laughing with the women, and offering them a pinch of snuff—you would not see such a picturesque group out of Italy.'
>
> "'And this is the third,' added Vincenzo, as they passed a fountain at the corner of the street, where a contadina child was leaning, her head supported pensively by her hand, her bright dress giving a touch of color to the picture, while two great, wide-horned, meek-eyed oxen—one white, the other gray—had stopped, and stooping side by side from their yoke, were absorbing deep, slow draughts of water.
>
> "'And there is another sight which I suppose you would not see in England,' added Vincenzo, as they came in view of the Tiber, up which twelve or fourteen buffalo, with sullen, retreating heads, were slowly drawing a vessel against the stream.
>
> "'No, indeed. What a glorious day it is!' said Mrs. Dalzell, looking up to the clear, soft, deep blue sky, full of sunshine. 'Ah! you two are lucky children to be born at Rome.'" p. 79.

AFFAIRS IN AND AROUND MANASSAS.

The soldiers released at Richmond (for kindness to the Georgia wounded) were not put upon parole, and speak freely of all they saw in and about Manassas. Their views differ in accordance with their opportunities of observation and ability to judge of what they saw. Some of them state positively that there are no entrenchments at the Junction, whilst others say the works are of an extensive and formidable character. All agree in stating that there were no entrenchments at Bull Run, the Confederates moving their artillery from point to point, as their perfect knowledge of the ground enabled them to do with great advantage. Within three days after the battle, the Confederates moved a large portion of their forces forward towards Centreville, Fairfax Court House, and Vienna, and must have sent other portions to different camping grounds, as whilst the prisoners stayed at Manassas Junction there was a comparatively small force at that point.

The discipline and administration of affairs in the Confederate army appeared to our informants to be more lax and irregular than even in the Federal army. The men are ill-fed, ill-clothed, and are grumbling and discontented. They have, however, a supreme faith in Gen. Beauregard, and the most perfect conviction that they are destined to conquer. At Richmond there was a good deal of complaint because an advance was not at once made upon Washington, and the city seized forthwith. The most extravagant expectations were entertained in regard to a rise in Maryland, which was to threaten the rear of the Federal army with thirty or forty thousand armed men. It was evident, however, to the most intelligent and observant of our informants, that the Confederates were not in a position to take advantage of their victory before Manassas. Their regiments appeared much fatigued and disorganized after the battle, and there was no evidence that they possessed the stores or means of transportation necessary for an army in motion.

THE DESTRUCTION OF HAMPTON.—The released prisoners from Richmond, who arrived under the flag of truce, state that they were much taunted with the destruction of Hampton, which was ascribed to Gen. Butler, and denounced as an act of vandalism. Before, however, they left Richmond, intelligence was received from Petersburg, that the destruction of the town was acknowledged to have been done by order of General Magruder. Of course the act was then justified as one of the necessities of war.

KENTUCKY and Tennessee have been formed into the Department of the Cumberland, and placed under the command of General Robert Anderson.

THE FORTRESS MONROE TELEGRAPH MYSTERY.—The telegraph wire supposed to be part of a line of rebel communication from Fortress Monroe to Fox Hill, was a portion of our submarine wire across Mill Creek, broken by fishermen in weighing anchor.

THOSE HANDCUFFS.—It now appears that the "handcuffs," about which the Southern papers clamor, were several dozen required for the use of some dissatisfied members of a Maine company!

☞ "Where shall I get a panel?" said the Sheriff to the Judge. "Why I suppose, sir, that you can get enough panels *out of doors!*"

☞ Gov. Wise's Motto—Discussion is the better part of valor.

Wanted—An Army of "Gentlemen."

Our Confederate brethren rather like fighting. According to their own accounts, it comes quite natural to them. They care little about being cut up, or run through, or cut to atoms. These things for which we, of the loyal, prosaic, democratic States, have a very strong dislike, and which we will only encounter for the best reasons and in the holiest causes, are quite in their way. Fighting, you see, is "a gentleman's" business, like whisky-drinking and faro, and as every man in the Confederate army, from the drummer-boy to the traitor-in chief, is a gentleman in every sense of the word, they appear to have a great advantage over us in this gentleman's business, as we are only simple mortals who do our own work and earn our own living.

Yet being a gentleman, has some disadvantages in war. It makes one fastidious. He finds it difficult to get adversaries worthy of his sword. He likes to fight "gentlemen," but shudders at crossing his aristocratic sabre with a proletarian bayonet, or exchanging the compliments of the rifle or the revolver with mudsills. As we said, being cut up, slashed, sabred, baynoeted, dirk-knifed, bowie-knifed, Minie bulleted, or rifle-cannon-balled, is of no consequence to him, but what does hurt him and gives additional terrors to death is that the various operations above enumerated, or any or all of them, should be performed upon him by hands ungentlemanly.

This idea troubles the insurgents, their friends, agents and sympathizers. Planters and the sons of planters who never lost caste by doing anything, to be obliged to pit their lives, on equal terms, against those of greasy mechanics, who have spent their lives doing something! Younger sons of aristocratic families who have been educated at the expense of the people and supported by the money of the Government, to be obliged to fight the sons of men who paid for their children's education and taught them to earn their own living! An aristocratic South Carolinian gentleman said to Mr. Russell of the London *Times*: "What we dislike, sir, is that the sons of gentlemen should have to fight foreign and other mercenaries." The same pre-occupation betrays itself in all the newspaper organs of the rebellion, showing the true anti-democratic character of the Secession revolt. The Richmond correspondent of a Memphis paper bewails the humiliating fact. He declares that the 69th Regiment "fought like tigers," and every man "fell on the ground he first occupied." So far all seems well enough. The most exacting chivalry would seem to desire nothing more. Fighting, "like tigers," according to long established rules, is the very next thing to fighting like gentlemen, and by some has been supposed to be the very exact thing itself. But it seems there is a difference between the two modes—a shadow of the shade of a nice distinction, only discernible by such gentlemanly critics as the Richmond correspondent of the Memphis paper and his confederates. The "humiliating fact" still crops out that the most excellent fighters are not "gentlemen." Let the correspondent, however, speak for himself. We need scarcely premise that his first paragraph, at least, is altogether baseless and most likely to remain so:

> The treacherous hypocrite, John Cochrane, of New York—not the Colonel of the 69th, but the Free-soil member of Congress from that city—is among a batch of five hundred prisoners yesterday brought in at Manassas.
>
> The 69th New York (Irish) Regiment was badly cut up at the Manassas fight. They fought like tigers, and they fell every man on the ground he first occupied. They never encountered a Southern arm or a freeman's vengeance before. This regiment contained about one-third of the original 69th; the other two-thirds were made up of such strolling drunken vagabonds as they could pick up in the low groggeries about the Five Points and other disreputable localities in New York. And this very fact suggests the most painful reflections in regard to this unholy war.
>
> It forces upon us the humiliating truth, the Washington tyrant and his traitor chieftain have dragged our planters, farmers, lawyers, doctors, artizans and thrifty industrious laborers—gentlemen all, whether rich or poor—to measure their lives with the outcast population of Northern cities. Oh, for a scourge to lash such tyrants naked through the world.

Is it not too bad? How can we accommodate our aristocratic adversaries with an opposing army of what they will consent to regard as gentlemen? How many great-grandfathers must a man be able to refer to, in order to be fit to fight? Will they object to our accepting recruits who can show less than seventy-five quarters of nobility? But a plan strikes us which might be adopted by our fastidious foes. Why should they not remain at home like gentlemen at ease and have all ungentlemanly fighting done by their "niggers?" We give the hint to the afflicted Richmond correspondent for what it is worth, be the same more or less.—*N. Y. (Roman Catholic) Tablet.*

THE REBEL LOSS.—The following is an extract from a letter received in Boston, from a Virginia lady, now residing in Washington:—

> "Senator Johnson's friend, ——— of Tennessee, is now stopping with us, his brother with Mary. They are both so earnest in the Union cause, risking their lives, property, and everything earthly, that we feel much interested in them. On his way from Tennessee, ——— travelled part of the way with a Georgian who had been at the battle of Bull Run, and, mistaking him for a secessionist, talked freely with him. He says 'Southerners are astounded at the Northern troops; they fight like tigers; so steady, so cool. A Louisiana regiment, the "Chain-Gang Regiment," brought off, to my knowledge, but 12 men; an Alabama and a Georgia regiment were nearly annihilated.' In fact, he says: 'Sir, it was a victory on the part of our troops, but a dear bought one. You know they 'will not allow any paper or individual to publish over 3,000 killed and wounded; but *I know* positively that it was fully 8,000, and a few more such victories would break us up.'"

☞ NOT TO BE DENIED.—The President's worst enemies will admit that the documents *Abe writes*, cannot be otherwise than *Abe-ly written.*

☞ Good name for the Capitol just now—War-shington.

LATER NEWS.

BATTLE OF SPRINGFIELD OR WILSON'S CREEK.—The Union forces under Major Sturges have reached their camping ground, eight miles southwest of Rolla, in safety.

Lieut. Col. Merritt, commanding the 1st Iowa regiment, reports officially that the enemy brought into the field 14,000 well armed disciplined troops and 2,000 irregular troops, while our own force was only about 5,000 in the early part of the engagement, and considerably less than 4,000 for the concluding four hours.

IMPORTANT ORDER.

SUPPOSED MEDITATED ATTACK OF THE REBELS ON WASHINGTON AND MARYLAND.—It is inferred that the War Department believes in the immediate danger of such an attack—as *the Governors of the loyal States are directed to forward immediately to the city of Washington, all volunteer regiments or parts of regiments, at the expense of the U. S. Government, that may be now enrolled, whether under their immediate control or by acceptance issued direct from the War Department, whether such volunteers are armed, equipped or uniformed or not.*

The officers of each regimental organization that may not be full shall have recruiting officers at their several rendezvous, and adopt such other measures as may be necessary to fill up their ranks at the earliest date possible. All officers of volunteer regiments on their arrival shall report to the commanding general, who will provide equipments and other supplies necessary for their comfort.

An attack upon Fortress Monroe also is said to be contemplated within a week.

The State Department has ordered that in future no passenger shall be allowed to go abroad, in any American vessel, without a passport duly signed.

All the military departments composed of the State of Delaware and Maryland and portions of Virginia, together with the city of Washington, have been united in one grand department, under the command of Major-General McClellan.

As a consequence, Major-Generals Dix and Banks are thus placed in subordinate military positions. Fortress Monroe is not included in this new arrangement.

AID FROM CALIFORNIA.—It is said that a large force from California, accepted by the War Department, will move on Western Texas and the Mississippi valley within forty days.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The news of the Bull Run battle was received on the 4th inst., and caused a profound sensation. The Northern Americans were much depressed, and the Southerners correspondingly exalted, causing almost a collision in the Liverpool News room.

Mr. Russell's letter to the Times was confined to graphic details of the rout of the Northern army, which he calls a cowardly rout, a miserable, causeless panic, and disgraceful to men in uniform and not soldiers.

The Times says, editorially, that the victory was not a complete one. The Union army lost all, even their military honor, and wishes to find something in it to congratulate either the victors or the vanquished, but sees nothing but what must stimulate the evil passions of both combatants.

The London Times has another article bitterly sarcastic on the battle of Bull Run, and says that there must arise gathering doubts that the Southern nut is too hard to crack, and that the military line as a matter of business does not answer. The same article ridicules and laughs at the threats of the prominent New York journals against England. It fears that the question of the blockade may involve England in some difficult complication. The Times remarks that there is a little cloud which, although only as large as a man's hand, may come to overshadow the whole sky.

On the last day of the session of Parliament Lord Parlmerston stated his views on the blockading question. He said in effect that if the blockading force should allow one ship to enter a blockaded port by payment of duties, from that moment the blockade is raised. A belligerent may seal up a port, but if he lets one vessel in, his right is gone.

It follows, therefore, that when a Federal cruiser willingly allows a ship to pass into the blockaded port, upon payment of customs, the blockade will be at an end.

The London Herald says that a report has been received that Napoleon, on the receipt of intelligence of the defeat of the Northern army, decided to recognize the Southern Confederacy. The statement is believed to be unfounded.

LIVERPOOL, August 7th.—Cotton was buoyant at ¼d. advance. Breadstuffs and corn advancing. Beef steady. Bacon declining. Lard dull.

THE "SLAVEHOLDERS' REBELLION ACT."

The following is the bill introduced into the United States Senate by Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas, and which will probably come up again at the regular session next fall. After reciting that the present war is a war by slaveholders for upholding slavery, and that under the clause of the Constitution "to provide for the common defence and general welfare," the government has the right to abolish slavery, the bill goes on to declare as follows:

Therefore, By virtue of the Constitution, as herein set forth, and as a great military necessity forced upon us by the rebellion,

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled, That from and after the passage of this act, there shall be no slavery or involuntary servitude in any of the States of this Union that claim to have seceded from the government, and are in open and armed resistance to the execution of the laws and the provisions of the Constitution of the United States; and

Be it further enacted, That, immediately upon the passage of this act, the President of the United States shall cause his proclamation to be issued, setting forth the immediate and unconditional emancipation of all persons held as slaves in any of the aforesaid States, under the laws thereof; and also ordering all officers to give protection to all such emancipated slaves as shall ask it, and accept the services of all who have tendered them in behalf of the government, if in the judgment of such officers such services shall be useful or necessary to the prosecution of this war.

We observe that the following resolution was passed last week at the stated meeting of the Republican Central Club, in New York city

Resolved, That the surest and quickest way of ending the rebellion, and establishing a permanent peace, is to declare immediate and unconditional emancipation wherever rebellion exists.

☞ A WISE REPLY.—The Pope on being asked by Victor Emmanuel, what part of his temporal possessions he most desired to keep, promptly and pertinently replied—"Vat-i-can."

☞ A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.—Last year the watering places were all O. K. This year they are all M. T.

☞ A WIND THAT DOESN'T BLOW THIS YEAR.—The *Southern trade* wind.

GENERAL McCLELLAN.

FROM THE MONTREAL WITNESS.

This young officer has had a peculiar preparation for the high position which he now holds—a position second only to Gen. Scott, and we rather think second only in name. Any authentic information concerning this rapidly-rising man, whose influence over the future of the United States is likely to be so great, must be very interesting, and we are happy to be in a position to give such information. The Rev. Dr. Duffield, of Detroit, one of the most eminent and influential ministers of the Presbyterian church in the United States, was present at the last Sabbath afternoon meeting in the Bonaventure Hall of this city, and being asked to communicate any facts concerning the present war, of interest in a religious or temperance point of view, spoke in substance as follows:—

It is a delicate thing for me, a stranger among strangers, to speak of the war which rages in my own country, but I feel that in such an atmosphere of Christian union and love as this, I am among Christian brethren who will appreciate details that in other circumstances it would be inappropriate to give. Rev. Dr. Thomson, of Cincinnati, pastor of General McClellan, communicated to me the following interesting particulars, which, though only intended for the private ear, may be productive of good, especially among the young men whom I see in this meeting:—General McClellan is of Scotch descent, and has been brought up with respect for religion, but never shown any decided resolution to follow Jesus. After his career of victory in Western Virginia, he was suddenly summoned to Washington to take command there, and had to go round by Cincinnati and Philadelphia, the more direct roads being interrupted.

At Cincinnati he sought an interview with his pastor, who asked him if his rapid ascent had not made him dizzy? "Rather," replied he; "I have been sinking, for I feel myself a lost sinner, and came to know what I must do to be saved." Dr. Thomson then faithfully and clearly unfolded to him the only way of salvation, as set forth in Scripture, to which the General gave most earnest heed, appearing to have a spiritual apprehension of the great truths he was hearing. At the close of this interesting conference, Dr. Thomson and the General kneeled together, and the former prayed most earnestly with him and for him. At the close of this prayer, General McClellan remained upon his knees, evidently under deep emotion, and Dr. Thomson continued also kneeling, till after about two minutes passed thus in silence, Dr. Thomson laid his hand upon the General's shoulder, and said, "McClellan, pray for yourself."

Thus encouraged, the young soldier began in almost smothered tones, to pour out his soul to God, and when he rose, there was a glow of spiritual life in his countenance. "I had already," said he, "given myself to my country, but now I give myself to God, and pray that he will use me for my country's good." Thus terminated this singularly interesting interview; and General McClellan hurried to Washington, where he immediately introduced order and discipline, requiring not only every man, but every officer, to be in his place—a matter in which there has been a great lack of discipline hitherto in the United States army. He also required Congress to pass a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks to soldiers, by which the cloud of vultures that follows the army will be hindered of their prey.

Dr. Duffield added that General McClellan was only 32 years old, instead of 35, as commonly reported, and that it was a remarkable coincidence that this religious young man should be called to command the thousands of religious young men who had been brought to the Lord in the great revival of 1857–8, and who now had taken their muskets on their shoulders, and their Bibles in their knapsacks, to go and fight for their country; and he trusted it would turn out, for the utter destruction of that terrible system of oppression which had caused all these troubles.

MR. RUSSELL ON THE EFFECTS OF THE BLOCKADE.

Mr. Russell, in a recent letter, says:—It is evident as yet, that the South has lost ground, and that the North has gained it since the fever of excitement which broke into flames at Sumter ran through the Union, and devoured it with the consuming eagerness of the fire in stubble. A blockade has been enforced, which, despite all assertions and pretences to the contrary, has produced already, to my certain knowledge, much inconvenience, and will, I believe, cause serious mischief in the South. At present the Southerners are cheered by the hope, almost as strong as a conviction, that England and France dare not permit the blockade to be enforced as soon as the cotton crop is ready, and that they will find means to raise, resist, or force it, even by a war with the United States.

They talk too, of the impossibility of enforcing a blockade of all their coast, and of the thousands of miles of coast which they possess, as a proof that all the navies of the world could not do that which the United States navy is called on to perform. Similar language has been used in England and elsewhere. But it is not necessary to blockade all these many miles of coast; nature—the coral reef, the sand bank, shallow water, dangerous seas, have done that work most effectually. From Chesapeake Bay, on the Northwest frontier of Virginia, to Galveston, or Indianola, there is no port which a vessel of large tonnage would care to enter which is not at this moment nearly as efficiently blockaded as is usual in war.

As soon as the stock of merchandise, provisions, wines, clothing, boots, tea, coffee, and such articles now in the South is exhausted, a powerful test will be applied to the statement that the South can supply itself and can produce all that it wants. Already, for example, there is an outcry against the scarcity of salt. When the salting season comes what will become of the meat? And without salt pork what will become of the negroes? All things are dear, except the raw material of food, at present. For an ordinary black silk hat I was charged at New Orleans £1 6s. 6d., a linen slop coat cost nearly £1; for making flannel shirts I paid 9s. 6d. apiece, and the flannel alone was as dear as the best shirt in London. Common cotton socks are sold at 3s. 6d. a pair; other articles are dear in proportion. Butter and wheat flour will be things of the past on many city tables. As to sugar planters, ruin seems certain if they can find no market for their produce.

☞ Some crabbed bachelor says:—"Some bachelors go to the war because they like *fighting*, and some married men go—because they like *peace*." What a rascal!

☞ *Zoo Zoo*—"I say, old Secesh, why didn't you leave your batteries and follow us up at Bull's Run?"

Secesh—"Why, you see, the fact is, we were too busy running away ourselves to notice that you were retreating!"—*Vanity Fair.*

☞ "Bob, how is your sweetheart getting along?" "Pretty well; she says I needn't call any more."

☞ The bachelor has to look out for number one—the married man for number two.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

I.

'Tis five years ago, I was playing
At pool, as he doubled me in,
I remember Fred Lushington saying,
"Yes, nice little girl, but no tin.

"Oh! such a sweet net was she spreading
To catch me." He stroked his moustache.
"I'd have asked you to dance at my wedding,
But I beat a retreat in quick march."

"I'd no thought at her feelings of hurting,
But the thing began awkward to grow;
If I *did* pass the limits of flirting,
It was down in the country, you know.

"So," said Frederick, "fearing extraction
Of what this all meant by papa,
I fled, leaving no ground for an action,"
And laughed, as he lit his cigar.

II.

Poor innocent fool! she is reading
What he wrote in her album that day,
The verse of a false-hearted pleading,
Inscribed "To the bright eyes of May."

She rises; the light low is burning;
She walks to the window; no moon;
All starless the dark night is turning,
In silence, the point of its noon.

Hark! listen! in sobs of wild passion,
Goes forth on the blackness her cry;
Like rain-drops, they heavily flash on
The stream of the hour flowing by.

Her dark hair all flowing around her,
Her face hidden in her white hands,
In a trance of dull sorrow, thus found her
Dawn, winterly lighting the lands.

III.

Did she die? Not at all; she has married
Since then Sir Actæon de Vere,
And the thrust of that sorrow has parried
With a fool and ten thousand a year.

I met her, as lovely as ever,
'Tis what brings all this back, yesterday,
Fred was there, looking out for the Trevor,
He bowed, as he passed on his bay.

And though in the Row that's called Rotten,
Such feelings, of course, have no place,
I thought she had not quite forgotten,
By the flush, as she moved, on her face,

Lang Syne and the sketchings together,
Beneath the cool rustle of leaves,
Whence oft, in the rich autumn weather,
They wandered away to the sheaves.

LIGHTNING IN GREAT CITIES.

The opinion that the large assemblage of conductors, which is usually found in a city, tends to diminish the electrical intensity of an overhanging cloud, is sustained by many facts which have been verified by distinguished electricians. Local statistics prove that, in proportion to population, fewer persons are killed by lightning in the cities than in the country. It would probably be impossible, by any human contrivance, to so effectually exhaust a thunder cloud of its electricity as to render it perfectly harmless; because the astonishing number of discharges sent down from a cloud in its progress for hundreds of miles over the earth, shows that it is constantly receiving fresh supplies. But it may be inferred that the numerous lightning-rods of a city may have some effect in silently discharging the cloud, and in preventing explosions which would otherwise take place.

In referring to this subject, Prof. Henry says that De Raumer sent a kite up into the air to a height of 400 to 500 feet, in the cord of which was inserted a fine metal wire. During a thunder storm, he drew from the lower extremity of the cord not mere sparks, but discharges of nine or ten feet long and an inch broad. Beccaria erected a lightning-rod which was separated in the middle by an opening, the upper part being entirely insulated. During thunder storms, intense discharges darted incessantly through the opening. So constant were they, that neither the eye nor ear was hardly able to perceive the intermission. In commenting on these results, Arago says that each spark, taken singly, would have given a shock attended with pain; that ten sparks would have numbed a man's arm, and a hundred proved fatal. Now, a hundred sparks passed in every ten seconds; hence in every ten seconds there was drawn from the clouds a quantity of fulminating matter sufficient to kill a man, or in each minute to kill six men. This analysis shows the discharging power of a single conductor. Had Baccaria erected a dozen, it is probable that each would, at the same moment, have developed results equally striking. It might thence be inferred that if human skill could erect upon the earth a discharging power fully equal to the receiving power of the cloud, the latter could be effectually and safely emptied of its dangerous contents. But such a feat would be of difficult attainment, as to human effort there is a definite limit, while to the tremendous energy of a thunder cloud in collecting new forces cotemporaneously with incessant discharges, there appears to be none. It is certain, however, that while thus unable wholly to disarm it, we can sensibly diminish its perils.

But another difficulty in this wholesale depletion of a thunder cloud occurs. Professor Henry says it cannot be supposed that the sparks observed by Beccaria in his experiment, and the ringing of bells by Franklin, were due entirely to the electricity received immediately from the cloud. He avers that by the powerful, redundant electricity of the latter, and the negative action of the earth beneath, the natural electricity of the top of the rod would be forced down into the earth, the point would come intensely negative, and while in this condition would draw streams of electricity from the surrounding air, and in this way a large volume of air around the top of the rod would become negatively electrified. If a discharge of lightning took place, its first effect would be to neutralize, or fill up, as it were, this void of electricity in this large mass of air surrounding and above the top of the rod, before the remainder of the discharge could pass to the earth. The peculiar sound which is heard when a discharge from a thunder cloud is transmitted through a lightning rod, may possibly be attributed to this cause.

Whether the lightning-rod actually attracts the electricity from a distance, has been frequently discussed. Some writers affirm that it is purely passive—rather the patient than the agent. Professor Henry says that from the established principles of induction, it must be evident that, all things being equal, a pointed rod, though elevated but a few feet above the ground, would be struck in preference to any point on the surface; and that the propositions as to the space which can be protected from a discharge of lightning, are founded on the supposition that the discharge can be changed by the action of the rod at a distance, and the bolt drawn to itself. He believes that an elevated pointed rod, erected, for example, on a high steeple, diminishes by its powerful induction, the intensity of the lower part of the cloud, and therefore may lessen the number of explosive discharges to the earth; and that if such a discharge takes place from the cloud, from any cause whatever, it will be attracted from a given distance around the rod, and transmitted harmlessly to the earth. He thinks that a too exclusive attention to either one or other of these actions has led to imperfect views as regards the office of the lightning rod. On the one hand, some have considered the whole effect of the rod is to lessen the number of discharges in the way described, and have considered it impossible that an explosive discharge could take place on a pointed conductor. But this is not the case.

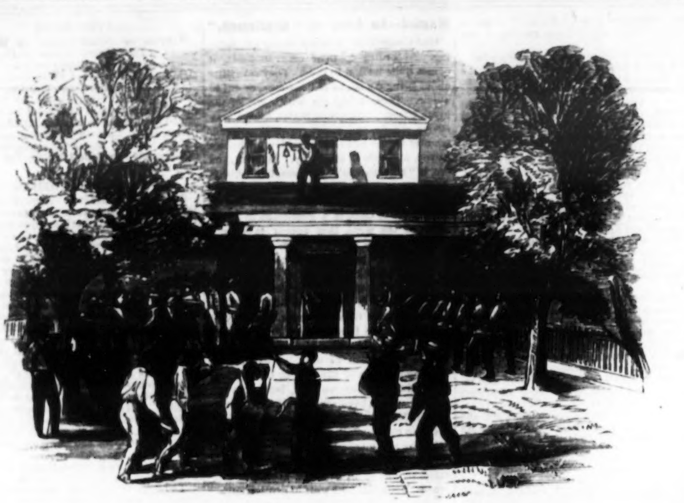
It is true, however, that when a needle is presented to a charged conductor, the electricity is drawn off silently without an explosion, and this is always the case if sufficient time be allowed for the electricity to escape in this way. But if the point be suddenly brought within striking distance of the conductor by a rapid motion, an explosive discharge will take place. In this case sufficient time is not given for the slower transmission of the electricity by what has been denominated the glowing discharge, and a rupture of the air is produced as in the action of a conductor terminated by a ball. It would thence follow, that in case of a cloud moving rapidly across the zenith of a rod, there would be a greater tendency to an explosive discharge on the point, than when the cloud was nearly stationary. For a similar reason, if a point connected by a wire with the earth, be directed toward an insulated conductor, and the latter be suddenly electrified by a discharge from a second conductor, an explosion will take place between the first conductor and the point. It is exactly so in the clouds which overlie each other. Mr. Wise, the balloonist, completely verifies this fact, saying that when a discharge takes place beneath a cloud to the earth, a discharge is seen to pass between the upper and lower part of the cloud. These facts, as well as numerous examples in which lightning has actually been seen to explode on pointed rods, as well as the number of points which have been melted, lead to the conclusion that the rod, under certain circumstances, does actually attract the lightning, though when properly constructed, it transmits it without accident to the earth.

The question recurs as to whether a city encounters less danger from thunderbolts in consequence of its multiplicity of rods. The weight of evidence is in favor of the proposition. It might be demonstrated, were the law to require every householder to arm his premises with elevated points, thus presenting to the angry cloud a bristling array of those safeguards which science and experience have shown to be eminently reliable. Arago has collected a large number of instances, showing that the erection of a rod not only protected the building, but actually lessened the number of explosions. Among these is cited the campanile of St. Mark, at Venice, which, from the numerous pieces of iron used in its construction, was in a high degree liable to danger from lightning, and had been, prior to 1776, known to be struck nine times. In the beginning of that year a conductor was placed upon it, and since that time the edifice has been uninjured by lightning. Previously to 1777, the tower of Sienna was frequently struck, and on every occasion much injured. In that year it was provided with a conductor, and has since received but one discharge, and that without damage. The steeple of a church at Corinthia received an average of four or five strokes annually, until a conductor was erected upon it, after which but one stroke was received in five years. The monument in London, although only accidentally provided with a conductor, appears to have been exempt from damage by lightning for 180 years. The telegraphic mast, 266 feet high, and standing on the top of the columnar wall at the Palisades on the Hudson, ten miles from New York, had its top elevated 564 feet above the water. It was struck by lightning in almost every thunder storm that occurred, the fluid passing harmlessly down the capacious conductor by which it was armed. Persons living in the neighborhood considered it a protection against lightning, while the telegraphic workmen had such entire confidence in it, that they did not hesitate to take shelter, during a thunder-storm, in a small house built around the mast, and in which the implement of their calling were deposited. These are strong facts, and would seem to warrant very definite conclusions.

But Professor Henry asserts that the action of the rod in diminishing the intensity of the cloud, can only be of a very temporary character, and that it cannot, as some have supposed, affect its subsequent state, or disarm it of its fulminating power, since its electricity is constantly renewed, as it is well known that a thunder-storm, during its whole course of hundreds of miles in extent, continually gives discharges to the earth. He thinks that notwithstanding the instances quoted by Arago, of the diminution of discharges of lightning after the erection of a rod, the fact is established by observation, experiment and theory, that the rod does attract the lightning, and receives the charge not only silently but explosively. In some instances the explosion might not have occurred had the rod not been present.

All residents of cities should place themselves in the centre of either chamber, parlor, or kitchen, during a thunder-storm. In other words, keep as far away from the walls as possible; and they should especially avoid sitting or standing under or near the gas or water-pipes, as well as under or near a bell-wire, round a stove, or beside a chimney. Each of these domestic conveniences may be chosen by the electric fluid as a path by which it will travel to the earth, but by which, no one can foretell. Men seated at the front door under the bell-pull have been killed by lightning which descended the kitchen chimney to the bell-wire, along which it coursed to the street. Women engaged at the hydrant in a low shed, have perished as suddenly. Others, leaning against the wall, or standing at the window, have also been killed. All these are stations of great danger. Even in houses provided with the most complete network of conductors, all this precaution should be observed. But in those on which not a single point has been erected, and which are consequently in jeopardy, from every quarter, they should be rigidly practiced. The cellar is no safer than the parlor, though a favorite refuge with many. But the true precaution should be adopted before the storm comes, not deferred until it is actually upon us—the building should be armed with conductors. Then, having done our utmost, we should trust in God for the remainder.

☞ Child With an Inquiring Mind.—"Ma, did women go privateering in Scripture times?" Astonished Mother—"No, George, what could possess you to think so?" Child—"Why, ma, I heard you reading in the Bible last Sunday about the *widow's cruise*."



THE CURFEW BELL AT HAMPTON COURT HOUSE, VIRGINIA.

During the early days of the occupation of Hampton, Va., (says the correspondent of "Frank Leslie's Paper") it was discovered that signal lamps were displayed on various points of the Rebels' lines, and, from their peculiar motion, hardly a doubt could exist but that they were answering lights shown by some parties in the Federal lines. As these traitors could not be discovered, it was deemed advisable to take every precaution possible, and strict orders were issued that all lights were to be extinguished at a reasonable hour, thus for a time reviving the ancient custom of the curfew bell. It was desirable to impress the negroes with the imperativeness of the order, and they were, consequently, mustered by the ringing of the bell of Hampton Court House, when the proclamation of Col. Max Weber, of the German Turner Rifles, was read to them by Captain Anthony Brackley

MONTEREY.

BY CHARLES F. HOFFMAN.

We were not many—we who stood
Before the iron storm that day,
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if he but could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there the shot is hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shouts at Monterey.

And on, still on our column kept
Through walls of flame its withering way;
Where fell the dead the living stept,
Still charging on the guns which swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself, recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped its flanking batteries past,
And braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on the turrets wave,
And there the evening bugles play,
Where orange boughs above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many—we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day;
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest
Than not have been at Monterey?

CANNON.

Cannon are cast solid. They are afterwards bored out, and several successive borings are necessary. Mortars are made in the same way. In casting cannon, a mould of sand is enclosed in a frame work of iron. The molten metal, after being put into the mould is allowed two or three days to cool, and then, with the sand adhering, placed in an oven and baked for an equal length of time. After being taken from the oven, the mass is buried in the earth for a certain length of time in a perpendicular position to prevent any flaw or fracture.

A new American invention is to cast large cannon hollow, and cool the inside by passing a stream of water through it. The "Union," the large gun at Fortress Monroe, was made in that way.

Rifled Cannon.—In the old smooth-bore cannon the iron balls could not be made to fly exactly in a straight line. The same gun aimed in the same direction, would vary the ball from side to side of a mark several feet, in shooting a mile or less. By rifle boring the barrel, a good gunner can now hit a man a mile or two, or so far as he can be sighted. As iron cannon balls cannot be pressed into the grooves, a ring or cup of lead is put on the back part of the ball and this on firing is expanded or forced into the grooves, which not only gives the ball its rotary motion, but the lead also stops up the space around the ball, and prevents the escape of gas, thus giving greater power to the powder. The space necessarily left between a solid ball and the barrel, is called the "*windage*."

Rifling Old Smooth-Bore Cannon.—All our old cast-iron cannon that are in good condition may be rifled, and thus be made doubly effective for warfare. They are sufficiently strong, we believe, to withstand common charges; but if it is desired to submit them to extraordinary charges they can be strengthened to any degree by shrinking wrought-iron bands upon them.

☞ A military company in North Carolina has "elected Mr. Wing captain, and Mr. Head first lieutenant." That company is like a sleeping hen—it has its Head under its Wing.

☞ "I think," said a gentleman to his footman, "I have been a moderate good master to you, John." "Very moderate, sir," said John.

☞ A Base Ball Game.—Firing on pickets from an ambuscade.

HOME RECREATIONS.

Among the most pleasing of home recreations are those afforded by the arts and sciences. A collection of engravings, which every one can make gradually and at a trifling expense, affords an inexhaustible source of not only innocent but improving recreation. The stereoscope, of all recently-invented optical instruments, is one of the most beautiful. Microscopes are made so cheaply that one might well be found in every parlor; and the collection of insects, and curious vegetable and mineral productions for examination, would pleasantly occupy many an idle hour.

But, if you have not a microscope, a very good one can readily be made of a pretty high power, and sufficient for the examination of small objects, thus:—Take a sheet of lead, about a sixteenth of an inch in thickness. Make a perfectly round hole in it, of from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in diameter. Drop in this hole a drop of perfectly pure water, and you will have a double convex lens as perfect as can be made by art, and of a high magnifying power.

Narrow strips of glass, such as glaziers cut from panes in fitting them, may also be melted at the end into little globules, which answer very well for examining small objects.

One of the prettiest things in the world is the camera-obscura. It may be constructed in various ways. Make a room perfectly dark, excepting an opening in a blind an inch across, and you will have an inverted picture of the external landscape, in all its beautiful colors, on the opposite wall, or on a white curtain. A more perfect picture, but on a smaller scale, is found by placing a convex lens—an odd spectacle glass will answer—in the opening, or over it on the outside, and receiving the picture on a sheet of thin, oiled paper; or with a looking-glass it may be thrown down upon a table, which should be covered with a white cloth. The camera-obscura is formed upon the same principle as the eye, and the picture of external nature is like that which is painted upon the retina.

There are some experiments in physics, as modified by the will, which are full of wonder and amusement. Here is one which science has never been able to explain:

Let one person lie down upon the floor. Select four others, who must stand, one at each shoulder, and one at each thigh. They all stoop; and placing the forefinger of each hand under the shoulders and thighs, attempt to raise the person from the floor. This can be done by a particular process. At a signal given by one selected to direct the experiment, the five persons, including the one to be lifted, draw in their breaths together, and breathe out the same way—three full inspirations, followed by three full expirations. If all has been done properly, at the third expiration the person on the floor may be lifted slowly, and with scarcely any apparent effort, upon the points of the eight fingers as high as they can reach. The persons lifting are not conscious of raising more than a weight of two or three pounds, while the person lifted has a sensation of buoyancy, as if he were rising on air cushions. If a person outside touches one of those who are lifting with so much as the lightest touch of the finger, it appears to break the spell, and the individual who was rising so pleasantly into the air falls through the fingers suddenly and violently upon the floor.

No scientific man has given any explanation of this phenomenon. It does not matter in the least how heavy the person is who is lifted: there is no perceptible difference between a man of a hundred weight or one of three hundred. Nor does the strength of those who lift appear to make any difference. They must be in earnest, and follow the directions and the signals of the leader.

A piece of pine half an inch thick, twelve or fourteen inches in length, and made to taper to the ends, may be made to rest, each end on a wine glass. Now, if struck down with a quick blow, the stick may be broken in two without breaking the glasses. On the same principle a man may lie on the floor, or across two chairs, place a heavy rock or a light anvil upon his stomach, and allow it to be hammered with a heavy blacksmith's hammer, when it looks to the spectators as if every blow would take his life.

These experiments are of easy explanation, as they depend upon the inertia of matter and the gradual distribution of forces. But who can explain the action of the boomerang?—a crooked stick which the native Australian will throw around a house or a tree, so that it will come back to his feet. You can make a sort of boomerang with pasteboard. Take a piece four or five inches square; cut it so as to leave two sides an inch wide like a letter L. Lay this on a book so that one end will project over the side about an inch. Strike it smartly with a small rod, and it will go flying a short distance, stop, hover in the air a moment, and come back to your feet.

An instantaneous and intense light has sometimes been sprung upon a party so as to produce consternation and amusement, according to circumstances. Suppose the room darkened for any ostensible object—such, for example, as the exhibition of the magic lantern. Have in a small plate a few grains of equal parts of powdered loaf-sugar and chlorate of potash, mixed together. Touch the powder with a drop of sulphuric acid, and you have a light so intense that the eyes can scarcely bear it.

There are hundreds of beautiful experiments in chemistry, magnetism, and electricity, which afford a fund of amusement and food for thought. A French naturalist said, he could spend a whole life-time with pleasure and profit in examining so much of the earth as he could cover with his hand. With the vast domain of science open to us, we can never want for amusement.

☞ At midnight the blue sky bends over us, dewy and soft, and radiant with innumerable stars, like the inverted bell of some great blue flower, sprinkled with golden dust and breathing fragrance.

TAPEWORMS AND MEASLY PORK.

Strange, passing strange, and wonderful will be found the facts in this article.

In Boston there is a very learned German, D. F. Weinland, Ph.D. (Doctor of Philosophy), who is devoting his life to the study of tapeworms. During the last ten years he has dissected more than 5,000 animals in search of these singular parasites, and the facts which he and his collaborators in this field of investigation have ascertained are exceedingly curious.

Tapeworms are found in all classes of vertebrated animals, fishes as well as land animals, different species of animals generally having different species of tapeworms; that of the horse differing from that of the ass; that of the sheep from that of the goat; and that of the rat from that of the mouse.

The common human tapeworm lives and grows in the bowels. Its head is provided with four suckers with a cluster of little hooks, by means of which it attaches itself to the intestine, the body floating two or three yards down, and absorbing the nourishing juices either through small openings or through the skin. The body consists of several hundred rings or sections which grow out of the head, so that those nearest the head are the youngest, and the oldest are at the end of the tail. The creature is an hermaphrodite; and as the joints mature, the sexual organs are developed, the male and female both in the same joint. The joints then break off, and *each one is a complete living animal*, preserving its existence frequently for a considerable time, and laying numbers of eggs after it is broken off.

The eggs pass out by the fæces, and *never hatch unless they enter the stomach of a hog.* But if the joints are eaten by a hog, or if the eggs find their way into water that is drunk by swine, the eggs hatch in the hog's stomach, producing animals so small as to be invisible to the naked eye, but which, under the microscope, are seen to have three pairs of spines, by means of which they bore their way through the walls of the blood vessels and enter into the circulation. Here they are carried into the muscles of the hog, where they grow into a curious animal, having the head and neck of a human tapeworm, with a round bladder tail, and producing the disease called measels. It has long been known that measly pork was caused by this little bladder-tailed animal, but it is only within a few years that the curious fact has been ascertained that this animal is the larva of the common human tapeworm. It is now proved by careful observation, that if one of these animals is taken into the human stomach the bladder-like tail is digested, while the living head and neck pass down into the intestine, where they hook on, and the rings begin rapidly to grow out into the well-known tapeworm.

Other species of tapeworms, living in other animals, have a natural history similar to that of the human tapeworm. They all live in the intestines of vertebrated animals (animals with backbones,) and each species must be hatched in the stomach of some animal different from that in which it is developed. For instance, one of the tapeworms of the dog is hatched in the stomach of a hare, and another in that of an ox; and the tapeworm of a cat is hatched in the stomachs of rats and mice.

About 200 species of tapeworms have been described, five of them being found in man. There are only two, however, that are at all common. One of these is a narrow worm, with hooks on its head, found particularly in the Teutonic nations (Germans, English and Americans,) and the broad tapeworm without hooks, which seems to live almost solely in the Swiss and in the Sclavonic nations. The former and more common of these two species, has a head about the size of a pin's head, and the body gradually widens to about a quarter of an inch, sometimes reaching a length of 24 feet. Tapeworms have been found in sheep 100 feet long.

It is doubted by some physicians whether tapeworms are injurious to health, though it seems probable that they are. They are certainly generally accompanied either by cerebro-spinal affections, or nausea, or indigestion, or colic. The great remedy is pomegranate bark.

There are four orders of "intestinal worms" or "helminthes," and the several species of tapeworms constitute one of these orders. The name given by naturalists to this order is *Cestoidea*, from cestos, *girdle* of Venus.

We have obtained the curious facts given above from a pamphlet published by Dr. Weinland, some time since, at Cambridge.—*Scientific American.*

Never Cook in Copper.—People do a thousand bad things, and because they continue to exist—not to *live* in the full sense of the word—they keep on in the bad practice, and laugh at "notional" persons who are careful about little things. The housewife who has a fine copper or brass kettle, which is so handy to use in all sorts of cooking operations, will probably throw down the *Agriculturist* when she reads this item, with the remark that "it's all book nonsense." But we wish to tell her, nevertheless, that every item of sauce or food she cooks in a copper or brass vessel is poisoned. The amount of poison in each case may be small, and a person with a vigorous constitution *may* eat out of brass or copper for many years without dying; but from what we *know* of the chemical nature and affinities of copper, we would just as soon take a *small* dose of arsenic as to eat fruit, or other food, cooked in a copper or brass kettle, unless the inner surface be kept perfectly coated with tin.—*Agriculturist.*

☞ The Force of an Armstrong Gun.—During a recent experiment, the shot from an Armstrong gun penetrated bar iron *eight inches thick*, which had been put together endways and bolted in the strongest possible manner.

☞ What Sambo Thinks of Bull Run.—There's victory in de feet.—*Vanity Fair.*

TELL ME NOT MY FORTUNE.

Tell me not my fortune, Gipsy,
Do not draw the veil aside;
To this hour I've trials surmounted,
Let the future, then, abide.
There are chords which too much straining
May, perchance, soon cause to break.
Tell me not my fortune, Gipsy,
Close your lips for pity's sake.

What stern fate for me ordaineth
Wherefore should I haste to know?
Soon—too soon—'twill burst upon me,
Man of misery and woe.
Take the coin your av'rice craveth,
Drop my hand and haste away—
Who would woo the dull December,
Sporting in the joyous May?

THE FAIR MIDDY.

On the 23rd of March, 1860, I went to London for a couple of day on business.

Turning the corner of Chancery Lane, I unexpectedly encountered my friend Frank Stonhouse. I call him my friend, though there was a disparity in our ages,—he being forty-five, I thirty years old. He, moreover, was a married man with a family; I an itinerant animal, without encumbrances, called a bachelor. Still we were very much attached to each other. After an exclamation of surprise and pleasure, Frank rapidly said,

"I am very busy now, but you must come and dine with me to-day at seven o'clock."

"Very well," replied I, and we parted.

As my tale will, I fear, be a long one, I must not be prolix at starting, especially as this is but a kind of preface. So fancy, good reader, dinner over—ladies gone to the drawing-room—a most luxurious dessert on the table, and some Madeira.

"Charles," said my friend Frank to me, "I have not opened fresh port for you, because I fancy I recollect your partiality for Madeira; but I will do so in a moment if you wish it."

"Oh, no, thank you," replied I, "this is perfection in the shape of wine, and I assure you that owing to it I shall soon feel happier; indeed, as happy as a prince, were it not for one thing which I cannot shake off."

"And what is that, Charles?" asked Frank.

"Why, the fact is, that about a month ago I was foolish enough to bind myself by a promise to write six tales. They must be finished by the 31st. I have only written three, and what on earth I am to say in the other three is more than I can imagine; now do help me, there's a good fellow, Frank, and then I shall have a load off my mind."

"Help you! Not I. Why, you can get out of your predicament easily enough. Remember Truth is stranger than Fiction, and you who lived three years in London, and have been a fair average rover so far through life, can be at no loss for adventures in which you have borne a considerable share, and which, therefore, you can readily describe. Write about your London experience."

"Well, I would do so, if I was writing for a periodical, but I am writing for friends who have often heard me repeat whatever was amusing in my London life that would bear narration. Now, do help me, Frank."

The Madeira was beginning to soften Frank's heart; I let it work.

"Charles," said he, after a time, "I will tell you a true tale concerning myself. No one has ever yet heard a word of it. Promise me faithfully not only that you will never reveal my name in connection with it, but that you will so disguise it as to render detection impossible; and moreover, that you will never again, in conversation with me, allude to the subject."

I promised, wondering what was coming. Two or three times Frank stopped in the course of his story. With difficulty I induced him to continue. In fact, if I had not pretended to wish for another bottle of Madeira (of which I took care he should drink the greater part,) I never should have elicited what I wanted. I knew full well that I should have a head-ache next morning, but I also knew that one head-ache and a good story from another person were to be preferred to the three head-aches I should probably get in composing a story myself. I was astonished at the following tale; of course parts of it came out in the shape of question and answer, parts easily, parts on the contrary, in broken sentences. To avoid all that, I shall make my friend Frank Stonhouse appear to write the tale connectedly throughout. He is chief actor, speaks in the first person. I vanish, good reader, entirely from the scene, and beg you to listen to Frank.

"Pray, sir, are you a gentleman?" What a strange question to be asked. It never but once before in my life was put to me, and then at school by a bigger boy than myself, whom I immediately knocked down—but coming from a young lady's lips what could it mean? What was I to answer? Be it known, then, that in the year 18—, I, a young man just called to the bar, had, in spite of the remonstrances of an angry porter, jumped into a first-class carriage of an express train starting from Reigate to London, when it was actually in motion. Seated alone in the carriage was a young lady, about nineteen years old; very pretty, light hair, blue eyes, &c. She was evidently in distress, and I fancied wished me elsewhere. After the lapse of a few moments the question was repeated by my fair interrogator—"Pray, sir, are you a gentleman?" I was about to answer in a bantering tone and manner, when it struck me that her voice had almost faltered as she spoke, and that whatever her motive was she was at any rate in earnest.

"Madam," I replied, "your question is a strange one, but I believe I may say I am a gentleman; still, if you will tell me what you mean by a gentleman, I will answer you with greater certainty than at present I am able to do."

"Sir, my idea of a gentleman is that of one who not only will not take advantage of a lady in distress, but will assist her to the utmost of his power."

"Then, madam, I can assure you I am a gentleman."

"Then, sir, will you be kind enough to put your head out of the opposite window, and not look back till I call you."

I rose to obey, wondering what it could mean, and almost glancing at her to see if she were a robber in disguise. All that she had with her in the carriage was a large bundle.

"Stop, sir," said she, "it is perhaps but right that I should tell you this much. I am running away from my home near Reigate. It is a matter of worse than life and death with me. The train does not stop between Reigate and London, but I shall most infallibly be pursued by the electric telegraph, and detected at the terminus, unless I can contrive by disguising myself to deceive those who will search for me. I give you the word of a lady, that in doing what I am driven to do, I am not acting in any way wrongly,—more I cannot tell you."

She burst into tears, and after a hysterical sob or two, she said, pointing to the window, "And now, sir, will you be kind enough to prove yourself a gentleman, and accede to my request—I am going to change my dress."

I at once arose, and I can safely aver that the longest ten minutes I ever spent in my life were occupied in gazing with head and shoulders out of the railway carriage on the surrounding scenery. So little, however, did my eyes or my brain take in what was before me, that I could not on my oath have stated whether we passed through a wilderness, green fields, towns, or the sea. At length I was told to look round. I did. Where could the lady have gone? Before me sat a tearfully-laughing very juvenile middy—costume quite correct—hair short—cap jauntily set on the head. A mass of curls lay in the fair boy's lap.

"Thank you, sir," she said. "You will never fully know what a kindness you have rendered me, and probably we shall never meet again. For your name I will not ask, but if you will give me anything belonging to you to remind me of this hour, I shall be obliged."

I pulled out a small shilling likeness of myself destined for a young nephew of mine, and a lock of my hair, which was wrapped up with it. Without opening the parcel, I said, "Madam, that may serve to remind you hereafter of what certainly has been the strangest chapter in my hitherto not unvaried life."

She put the parcel in her waistcoat pocket, took a pearl ring off her finger and gave it to me, with a tress of her hair, saying "Keep that, then, to recall to-day. In ten minutes we shall part forever."

For a time both of us were silent. At last I said, "Madam, if you think that, alone as you are, and probably unaccustomed to London, you can escape the detectives at the station, you are mistaken. I could tell at a glance (to borrow a phrase from your profession,) that you were sailing under false colors."

"Indeed," said she, somewhat startled; "well, if you will extend your kindness to seeing me clear of the station, I shall be still more than ever your debtor for life."

"Then there is no time to be lost, the train is slackening speed. Put both your delicate hands at once deep into the pockets of your monkey-jacket—they are not like those of a sailor. Lean back in a careless way; and wait, let me dirty your boots by treading on them. Now, put one foot on the seat opposite to you; never mind the clean cushion; throw the other leg negligently over the arm by your side. Don't dream of speaking; I will talk, if necessary. Whistle, if you can, when we stop. Give me your ticket."

It was marked from Dover to London. Capital, thought I; wonder how she got it? Mine was a season-ticket.

"Ticket, sir, please."

"I handed both. The middy whistled. The guard and policeman actually looked under the carriage-seats. A long time the train was delayed before it moved into the station. At length it did.

"Now, follow me," I said; "roll in your walk, if you can, mind you keep your hands in your pockets."

"Cab, sir?"

"Yes; now, then, in with you, Jack."

"Where to, sir?"

"Hyde Park Corner." I thought I would name a distant place to give my friend breathing time. We moved forward a few paces, and then stopped.

"Now, then, Cabby," said I, "what is the matter?"

"Why, sir, blowed if there ain't them perlice at the station gate, hexamining of every cab, and the parties hinside on 'em, and they be doing the same to those who be walking."

My companion turned deadly pale. I pulled out a flask of neat brandy. "Drink two mouthfuls—down with it—gulp it down—anything to give you color."

At the same time I took out two cigars, lighted them, pushed one into my friend's mouth.

"Smoke," said I, "as hard as you can, your safety depends on it."

Two detectives looked in at the window.

"Where from, sir?"

I blew a volume of smoke into the man's face, which caused him to rub his eyes and cough. (The middy was puffing literally like blazes.)

"Where from?" replied I. "Why, from Dover. What on earth do you want?"

Another discharge of smoke settled the matter.

"All right, sir, beg pardon."

I gave him a parting volley of smoke.

"Drive on cabman with the gentleman."

In another minute, after continuing from sheer habit to produce a hazy atmosphere, I looked round. The middy had fainted. No time yet for thinking, but acting. I used my flask again, then a vigorous pinch. By-and-by the young gentleman came round.

"Well, now you are safe, at least from detection and pursuit, at any rate, for the present; where shall I tell the man to drive to?"

"I don't know; I wish you would tell me where I *can* go for two or three days, till I am able to mature my plans."

"Indeed I cannot."

"Can you not recommend me to some safe, respectable woman who will not betray me, even though a large reward be offered."

"I shook my head.

"Then, surely, you have some lady relations, or lady acquaintances in London, who will take pity on me, or (I had told her I was a barrister,) you could conceal me till the end of the week in your chambers in the Temple."

"With regard to the last, you know not what you ask," I said. "Even if I were to give you the key of my chambers, and go into the country, not returning till you had left London, it certainly would come out some day, and then, in the eyes of a censorious, wicked world, who judge others by themselves, your character would be irretrievably blasted and ruined, and mine not much improved, though that is of little consequence, as I am a man, and society, thank goodness, judges us very leniently, and yet it might be awkward, as I am engaged to be married. With regard to my lady acquaintances, I know many who would take pity on you, as you wish, if you would disclose all the facts of the case, but—"

"Oh! I cannot, will not, do that; I would die sooner. Do, *do* help me in my distress."

"Indeed I do not see what is to be done."

I looked out of the little back window of the cab, stealthily. "Wait a bit," I said, "here is a fresh difficulty; listen to me speaking to the driver, and be prepared to act accordingly." We both leaned forward. "Don't look round, cabman, put your hand back, there are two pounds for you as your fare. Take no notice of me whatever, but listen and obey my directions. We are followed, as I have ascertained by looking back several times, by a Hansom. Your number, I expect, is marked plain at the back of your cab?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought as much. Well, in the Hansom sits a gentleman I wish to avoid (I knew him to be a detective, but did not choose to enlighten Cabby). I *must* avoid him."

"All right, sir. Come up all hoss." (Lash, lash.)

"No, no, that won't do, his horse is better, his cab runs lighter than yours. Now, attend. Just beyond that large van of Pickford's, which is standing still in the distance, there is a turn to the right which cabmen sometimes take when driving to Hyde Park Corner. It is moreover an unfrequented street. If I mistake not there is just room for you to get round inside the van. At any rate, you must try it. I will pay for any damage done. The Hansom being broader will be obliged to sweep round outside, and may be stopped a little by the stream of carriages."

"There is no room for me, sir, there."

"There is, you *must* try it. The moment you are round the corner, slacken your pace to a slow walk, and the instant you hear the door slam, drive on to Hyde Park Corner at your usual pace. Tell my following friend what you like when you get there. Now, there is another pound for you. Go at it hard—neck or nothing."

Cabby obeyed. A bump, a scrape, an oath, a "Now then, stoopid, where are you a driving to?" and we were in the smooth water of a quiet street. The pace slackened—we jumped out—I slammed the door—Cabby drove on. We vanished into a shop, and had the inexpressible pleasure of seeing the Hansom roll by, steadily trotting after its fast receding, supposed prey. All this took place in less time than any one would occupy in reading the last few lines. I purchased something in the shop, made the middy light a fresh cigar, and hailed the first cabmen I met, telling him to drive to Notting Hill. Not a word had the middy spoken till now, when I heard—

"And so you *cannot* assist me, sir?"

"Not a bit more than I have done, and am now doing. I feel I am a match for any detectives, and can give them the slip as you have seen; but what to do at night in London with an unprotected young lady in gentleman's attire, passes my comprehension."

"Sir," she said, with animation, "did you, do you, for a moment doubt that I was speaking the truth, when I said that I was not acting wrongly?"

"On my word," replied I, "I did not, do not doubt you: at any rate, I am convinced that you honestly conceive that circumstances justify your taking the step you have taken."

"And you would agree with me," said she, "if you knew them. Now we part, oblige me by giving me the names of three or four of the first chemists in town, and of three or four respectable married doctors."

"I will, if you will assure me that suicide is not what you are meditating."

"I give you my word that that is not the case. Circumstances may warrant my doing what I am doing; but cannot, in my opinion, justify any sane creature in precipitating himself uncalled for before his Almighty Father."

I gave her what she requested, and offered her money.

"No, thank you, I have plenty of that; and now, bood-bye, sir. God bless you for your kindness to a persecuted, helpless, suffering, but not wicked girl."

She hysterically pressed my hand for a moment, then recovering herself said:—"Stop the cab, please sir—get out—tell the man to drive on. May God bless you for your kindness."

I raised her not unwilling hand to my lips, and did as she directed. In another moment I stood alone in Oxford street. Well, thought I, is it a dream? Am I a fool? No, it is no deam; you are no fool. You have to the best of your intention acted kindly. It is a mystery; you will never read it. I *will* though, said I, to my mind, and forthwith commenced walking to my chambers in the Temple.

Three Hundred Pounds Reward.—Whereas, on the 17th of this month, a young lady, aged 19, left her home, near Reigate, and proceeded in the direction of London,—this is to give notice that the above mentioned sum will be paid to any one who will give such information as shall lead to her discovery. She is good-looking, has light hair, blue eyes, and a Grecian nose. Height, about 5 ft. 4 in. Address A. B. &c.

Such was the advertisement which two days after the last-mentioned occurrence, met my eye in the second column of the "Times." Poor girl, thought I. In the course of the same week, I was again obliged to travel by the railroad which started from London Bridge. I missed my train, and having two hours to wait, I resolved to pay a visit to an old female servant of our family who had married a detective policeman, and lived near the London Bridge terminus. I found her at home. Not long after her husband came in. The subject uppermost in my mind was quickly brought forward.

"Curious circumstance that, sir, which occurred on the line the other day, when a young lady managed to escape us all. Of course, too, you have seen the advertisement in the 'Times.' Wish I could discover the runaway: why £300 would be a small fortune to Sarah and myself."

"Have you any clue?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, sir! we all but had them. You see, sir, not only was the train examined, but all the foot passengers and carriages as they left the station. The telegraphic message had been most positive, and £300 reward, which it offered, put us all on the look-out. Unfortunately, I examined the foot-passengers; had I taken the cabs, the young lady, though so well disguised, would not have escaped."

"Thank goodness!" muttered I, inwardly, "you did not examine the cabs. Well, but how did she manage to get away?" I asked.

"Why, sir, you will hardly believe it—but dressed as a midshipman, in a cab, with a gentleman—him, I suppose, as was a running away with her."

"But how can you tell it was her?"

"Well, you shall hear, sir. As soon as all the passengers had left the station, we detectives put our heads together. The cab containing the middy was mentioned. By a kind of instinct, I felt that must have been her. But, as it won't do to act on instinct only, I at once, having ordered a fast Hansom to be in readiness, telegraphed down to Dover—from which place the middy's ticket had been taken—to know if a naval officer had taken a ticket and paid half-fare by such a train. The answer was 'No.' Now, a middy is not often very wise, but he is seldom so foolish as to pay full price for his ticket when he knows that, as he is travelling in uniform, he can go at a cheaper rate. I then telegraphed to all the stations between this and Reigate to know if anything unusual had been picked up anywhere on the line. The answer came back 'Yes.' In one place a bundle containing ladies' wearing apparel; in another some light-colored hair wrapped up in paper. Without losing a moment I sent off in the Hansom one of my subordinates, with orders to drive fast towards Hyde Park Corner till he came up with a four-wheel cab, No. 906, drawn by a gray horse—to keep it in sight till its fare was deposited. If the people in the cab stopped at a private house, to watch the door, and not allow them to leave till I came up; if they were dropped in the road, to arrest them both at once, and bring them back here. A bold measure, sir; but remember £300 reward, and perfect immunity guaranteed for any illegal arrest made under mistake. Well, will you believe it, that though my man overtook the cab in Fleet street, and followed it to Hyde Park Corner, yet when both vehicles stopped it was found the birds had flown! How they got away is more than I can imagine; but they had escaped, and that, too, without any connivance of cabby, for my man brought him back here, and, on strict examination, I found not only that he did not know how his passengers had escaped, but had actually been bilked by them of his fare. He swore roundly he would summons them on his own account, if he could catch them."

I laughed inwardly.

"Well," said I, "any success yet?"

"No, sir; but we shall be sure to have the lady soon, if she is above ground."

"And why not the gentleman also?"

"The fact is, sir, that not only have we a most accurate description of the lady, but the policeman who looked in her side of the cab could tell me how she looked as a middy, and said—which first raised my suspicions—that she smoked like one who had never tried to do so before; the policeman, however, the other side of the cab cannot give much account of the gentleman because he smoked so desperately in his face. All he can say is, that he was gentlemanly-looking, dark-haired, and about thirty—at any rate, he spoke as if quite as old as that. The policeman is not clever, and yet he thinks he might know the gentleman again, if he saw him."

I at once resolved to postpone my journey from London Bridge, and then said:

"Can you tell me why the young lady ran away, or who she is?"

"I believe I could answer both your questions, but I am not at liberty to do so—I must keep secrets."

"Very well. It was only curiosity made me ask. Now, I must be going. Good morning, Sarah. Good morning, Mr. Sharp. Mind, if you catch these people, or hear anything of them which you are at liberty to communicate, pray tell me, for you have quite interested me in the matter, and your detectives are so *very* clever, I quite delight in hearing your stories."

"Yes, sir, we are a little cleverer, we flatter ourselves. I shall be able to give you information in a week, I think. Good morning, sir."

TO CABMEN.—£500 reward will be given to the cabman who, on the 17th of this month, took up a gentleman and a midshipman in or near Fleet Street, if he will come forward and state to what house he drove them, provided such information leads to the discovery of the midshipman. Apply to A. B., &c.

Such was the next advertisement on the subject that I saw in the "Times." Well, thought I, she must be detected now.

Walking down Holborn, a month later, I hailed a Hansom that was passing, and ordered the driver to proceed to a house some little distance from London. No sooner had we got clear of the crowded streets, and into a road where a man did not require two pair of hands and four eyes to keep clear of other vehicles, than Jarvey, opening the trap-door in the roof, over my head, touched his hat, with a "Good morning, sir."

"Shut that door at once," I said; "are you drunk, man, and anxious that I should give you into charge?"

"No, sir; but I hope you are very well."

What could the man mean? There was a curious look in his eyes that plainly said he could fathom me, while, touching him, I was utterly at sea.

"I drove a four-wheel," he continued, "a short time ago, sir. I hope you and the young *gentleman*—the *middy*, I mean, sir—are quite well. Nice little *boy* that as ever I seed. You may remember I picked you up, sir, in the Strand, about a month ago, and after a bit you got out and left me to drive the middy on."

I like your memory, thought I, and then said:

"Well, I fancy I do recollect your face."

"Thought you would, sir, when I recalled the suckamstances to your mind."

"Now, then, stop, my man. I am getting near the house to which I want to go. Let me get out. I will walk the rest of the way—I don't see the fun of talking to you through a hole."

When I stood on the footpath I steadily gazed at cabby, he ditto at me, with compound interest and a leer.

"Well, now," I said, "what do you want?"

"Oh, nothink, sir—you're a gentleman."

"Do you read the papers, cabby?"

"In course I does, sir, 'specially the second column of the 'Times.'"

"Well, where did you drive the middy after I left you?"

"Eccleston Square, and then the young lady—beg pardon, sir, the young gentleman—gave me two sovereigns, and told me to drive away, and not look back."

"You pretended to drive away?"

"I did, sir."

"You looked back?"

"I did, sir."

"You know where the midshipman went?"

"I do, sir."

"You are not rich?"

"I am not, sir."

"Now just tell me why you have not informed the police?"

"Oh! for several reasons, sir. First place, though I am a poor cabby, I have my feelinxs, and wouldn't go for to betray a young gentleman who gave me two sovereigns."

"Nonsense," interrupted I.

"Next place, sir, you see, I never likes to press hard upon ladies."

"Cabby, do you take me for a fool?"

"Third place, you see, sir, I have been in trouble more than once, and I don't like them perlice, and don't care to show my face before them for any reason."

"Well, I can understand *that*," I said. "Now, there's a sovereign for you—you don't mind telling *me*, I suppose, where the middy went?"

"No, sir, not a bit; but you didn't hear my fourth and chiefest reason for not going to the perlice. Fact is, I don't know where the dickens the middy *did* go to. I did not look back soon enough. I twigged her going towards No. 1, Eccleston Square, and when I looked back she warn't in sight, so then I drives back to No. 1. A flunkey comes to the door, so says I, 'John, your young master has left summat in my cab.' 'Go to the dogs!' said he. 'Oh, yes!' said I, 'by all means; but, now, here is half a-crown, John Thomas, you tell me who your young master is.' He pocketed my half-crown, and then told me that the middy had nothing to do with the house, that he had only asked if Sir Jasper Blares lived there, and on being told 'No,' had bolted round the corner. So then I axed the flunkey to give me back my half-crown, or, at any rate, to come and have it out in drink. The mean fellow told me, if I was not off directly, he would give me in charge at once. So, as I seed a Bobby a-coming up the square, I drove off. Now, sir, I know as little about the middy as you do. If I knew more, do you think I wouldn't go to the perlice, and get five hundred pounds instead of this here sovereign—much obliged to you for it, all the same. Good morning, sir."

He drove off.

"Done by a cabman!" was my exclamation. Well, I had done the detectives; that was one consolation.

Six months elapsed, and again I found myself in the detective's house. Meanwhile the reward for the lady fugitive had been increased to the extraordinary sum of £1,000, while that for the gentleman had been withdrawn.

"Well, Mr. Sharp, any news yet of the runaway?"

"Not a bit, sir; not a bit. It is extraordinary. I did not think we detectives could be so deceived; and let me tell you, sir, that though the reward in the public papers has been increased to £1,000, yet that to us actually £3,000 is offered, only it is not considered prudent to advertise so large a reward. You would be surprised if you knew what means have been taken to secure the young lady, and without success. A detective at every station out of London, one at each principal port in England; all the lodging-houses, boarding-houses, and public places of assembly in town have been narrowly watched; a detective has been sent to every county in England to pry about, go to inns, farm-houses, schools, and every place he can legally or illegally put his nose into; false entrapping advertisements inserted in the papers, and actually all to no purpose. However, we will have her yet. The reward will not be paid unless she is discovered within a year from this date.

"You will not find her, I expect," said I.

"We shall see, sir," replied he.

After a little more conversation I took my departure. Without being in any way able to account for it, or to reason on the subject, I *felt* I should first stumble on the lady in question. Not many days later, one idle Saturday afternoon, I went with a friend to a private lunatic asylum, some little way out of London; he to see a relation confined there, whom he considered it his duty to have a look at now and then; I, out of mere curiosity to inspect such a place. Arrived at the asylum, he went off at once with the mistress of the establishment; I, under the charge of a female warder, was taken round such parts as are shown to a visitor. In one room was a girl with long, dishevelled *dark hair*, and blue eyes, swinging on a rope hanging from the ceiling. She was dressed in Turkish fashion. Strange, thought I; dark hair, blue eyes. "What is the matter with her?" I inquired.

"Oh, she is mad, but harmless enough; her friends are very rich. She has a fancy for dressing so, and the mistress allows her. At times she is not so bad, and then she lives quite alone with the mistress. She is always worse when she sees strangers, and talks mere nonsense when they are present. Listen to her. She is singing such rubbish now."

And so she was, but yet there was a method in her jumble of songs, such, I almost fancied, as a person might be driven to use who wished to feign madness. I eyed her intently. She was looking at me with apparent carelessness. "Can it be *she?*" thought I. "Oh, no, it cannot. She would surely recognize me." At that moment I bethought me of the pearl ring. Generally I wore it with the pearls turned inside to the palm of the hand. I lifted up my finger, and deliberately turned round to her full view the conspicuous part of the ring. With a shriek of anything but madness she ran away.

"Oh, she is gone," said my companion, "to the mistress's private room. She can always go there when she likes."

I was satisfied, and said nothing, but waited for my friend and the head of the establishment, the latter of whom I intended to see alone. In a minute or two a telegraphic message, stating that I must return to my chambers in town, to a consultation, by the first train, was put into my hands. I consoled myself with the idea that I would come down again on Monday. I inquired the name of the mad girl, made my bow, and in three quarters of an hour was deep in law in chambers.

Monday morning found me at Mrs. ——, near Hanwell.

"Is Mrs. —— at home?"

"Yes, sir."

I sent up my card, and when admitted, I forthwith proceeded to make inquiries about my friend.

"Oh, she was taken away yesterday by her friends. She has been improving lately, and was removed about two o'clock yesterday."

"Do you know where she came from, or where she has gone?" said I

"Not at all, sir."

I saw the woman was telling an untruth, but how could I expose her?

"Do your patients generally come and go in that extraordinary manner?"

"Oh, constantly, when introduced and taken away by a doctor."

"Then her friend is a medical man?"

"No, sir, I did not say that; her friends brought a medical man with them."

Untruth No. 2, thought I.

"And what is his name, pray?"

"That I *must* not tell."

Truth the first and last, I thought.

"I can give you this clue, sir—they went down the line, for I know they took tickets to Exeter."

"Thank you," said I, inwardly concluding that that was untruth No. 3, and that therefore (as turned out to be the case,) the parties had gone up the line, probably to London. I then became more open, threatened, coaxed, tried to bribe, and at last was told that if I did not leave the house at once, I should be turned out by the men-servants. Out I accordingly chose to go of my own free (?) will. In vain I twisted and turned everything over in my mind. The mistress of the establishment was not to blame; I could not bring her into court, for I dared not prove any interest in the young lady. Besides, I might have been mistaken, and in that case how foolish I should have looked. I was obliged again to fall back on time, the great solver of mysteries. At length Time came to my relief.

About eighteen months after the last-mentioned circumstance, I was junior counsel in some trial in London. It was my turn to examine the next witness—a somewhat unimportant one, by the bye.

"Miss Evelina Shirlock."

"Miss Evelina Shirlock" was repeated by the man in office. Forthwith the usual oath was administered in the accustomed rapid, careless manner: "The evidence you shall give," &c., &c. I had not as yet looked up, for I was running my eye over my brief; but when I did, I was so startled as nearly to jump out—not of my skin, but—of my wig.

Good gracious! More beautiful than ever, and self-possessed, there stood before me in the witness-box my long-lost middy friend.

Now, if a barrister ever loses his presence of mind, he is not fit for his profession. I very nearly, but not quite—never, however, so nearly as then—lost my presence of mind. However, my wits did not quite abandon me. At a glance I saw that the witness did not recognize in a grey curly wig, and with a sedate face, her former ally with dark locks and a merry countenance. At once I thrust deep into my pocket my pearl-ringed hand, tried slightly to change my voice, and began:

"Your name is Evelina Shirlock?"

"Yes."

"You live at Sun Villa, Regent's Park?"

"Yes."

"You are described, I see, as the niece of Sir John and Lady Clanmer, living at the same place?"

"I am."

"Have you lived there long?" She got confused. No answer.

"Have you lived there long?" I repeated.

"What on earth are you at?" whispered my senior counsel on the same side. "You will so bother the girl with your questions, which have nothing to do with the case, that she won't be able to give the evidence we really want.

"No, I will not," I replied; but I saw the lady change color rapidly more than once, sigh, give tokens of fainting. I put my handkerchief to my face. "My nose is bleeding," I whispered to my senior. "You examine this witness, I will take the next."

At once I left the court. The witness did not, I believe, acquit herself in first-rate style, for which I got the blame. My irrelevant questions I attributed to a throbbing head, in corroboration of which my supposed bloody nose did me good service. The evidence, I knew, could not materially affect the case, and I had elicited what I wanted. No sooner was the court up than, having changed my clothes and flung my papers at the astonished clerk's head, off I drove to Sun Villa, Regent's Park.

"Is Miss Shirlock at home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Take up my card, and say that I am the gentleman who examined her to-day in court, and that I wish to see her."

Quickly, radiant with beauty, she entered, leaning on her aunt's arm. She shook hands with me.

"Oh, aunt!" she said, "this is the gentleman to whom we are so much indebted, and to whom my warmest thanks especially are owing. But, Mr. Stonhouse, you were too hard upon me in court. When I fancied I began to recognize you, I thought I should have fainted."

"Indeed, Miss Shirlock, you must make every allowance for my excitement on so unexpectedly meeting you, after having in vain sought you for many a long month."

Lady Clanmer kindly asked me to dine. Sir John had already started for some Lord Mayor's feast in the city. Of course I accepted. Dinner over, and a decent time having been spent at the dessert, the old lady rose, saying:

"I shall leave you two together, for I dare-say you have a great deal to talk about."

We *did* talk. Each of us told our own story. With hers you shall forthwith be made acquainted in her own words. Seated by me, she began:

"I am the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Shirlock, of Rokeby Castle, near Reigate. My father originally was very far from wealthy. All the property and money came from my mother's side. Unfortunately, I lost my mamma when young. By the marriage settlements, which had been conceived in a most grasping manner by my maternal grandfather, who disliked my father, and which were shamefully worded, it was ordered that if my mother died first, the child or children should, on coming of age, inherit all the property (about £10,000 a year) and the house, and that my father should only be allowed £500 per annum for the rest of his life. I mention this as a slight excuse for my poor father's most shameful conduct. When I was about seventeen years old he began to get very anxious. He could not realize the idea of coming down from being master of Rokeby Castle and a large fortune to a paltry pittance. He knew that even if I did not assert my legal rights, a husband, sooner or later, probably would do so for me. When I was about eighteen, he told me he had found a husband for me whom I must marry. Now, at that age I really was averse to the idea of matrimony, and when I was introduced to my would-be lord and master, my dislike knew no bounds. After a little time I discovered that my father had entered into an agreement that if Mr. ——— married me, my husband and myself were to have £1,000 a year, and my father the rest till his death. Mr. ——— actually bound himself in writing to give up to my father £9,000 a year and Rokeby Castle if my father would make me marry him. Now, the money and the castle I never cared about; my father might have had those with all my heart, as he ought during his lifetime; but to be bought and sold, to be compelled to marry an odious man (for odious he was in every way), to be compelled to marry an odious man, to be made a—"

Miss Shirlock burst into tears. After a time she continued:

"I need hardly say that on discovering the underplot I resisted more stoutly than ever every entreaty, every threat, every bribe, made use of to induce me to marry Mr. ———. Things went on this way till I was nearly nineteen. It was bad enough for me, I confess, but not enough so in my opinion to justify a daughter in running away from her parent's roof. About a month before I met you, my father sent for me. After a long interview, in which I steadfastly maintained my ground, my father dismissed me, saying with an oath, 'You shall see what it is to disobey me—you shall undergo worse than death.' From that moment I was closely watched, not allowed to see any one, confined to my room and a stroll with an attendant for an hour a day in our back garden. In a short time I was visited by two medical men, who quickly informed my father that they were satisfied, and would do as he wished. The meaning of that my father next day told me, namely, that for £500 each the medical gentlemen had signed a certificate stating I was mad; that he had met with a nice private establishment and an accommodating, easy-conscienced, though hard-dealing mistress, who was utterly devoid of feeling; that in a fortnight's time, if I did not marry Mr. ———, I should be confined for life. 'Yes, for life, and in a mad-house, miss!' but I will not repeat his fearful language. My servant was faithful to me, whatever her other faults were. By my request she searched my father's private papers, and found that things were exactly as he had stated. Long before this I had written to my mother's sister, Lady Clanmer—then living in Paris—but in vain. My letters were all intercepted. What *could* I do, but run away? I knew full well that I should be telegraphed for, because when not in my room, of which my father kept the key, I was visited by him every quarter of an hour in the garden, just that he might see I had not escaped. Day after day I had marked the regularly running train in which we first met. By a heavy bribe I obtained a midshipman's dress and a ticket marked Dover to London, from one of the porters at the station, who had been in our service. I suppose he got it from his brother, the driver, who had come from Dover. I also begged him to keep an empty first-class carriage for me; and instructed my maid, as soon as she saw the train actually in motion, to return with a scratched face, and say I had knocked her down and run off to the station. All went right till you jumped into the carriage after the train had started. That led to my strange question, 'Pray, sir, are you a gentleman?'"

We were both silent for a time.

"Well, Miss Middy," I said, "you have enlightened me as to your history down to our first meeting in a train, will you kindly condescend to give me a history of yourself since our parting in a cab?"

"Most willingly," replied she, smiling through her tears. "You have been quite my preserver. After leaving you I drove near the residence of one of the medical gentleman whose names you had given me, got rid of my cabman" (you little knew, thought I, what a narrow escape you had there), "and went to the doctor. On finding he was at home, I walked straight in, told him my whole history, and threw myself quite on his honor, begging him to conceal me effectually for two years, when I should be of age. After a time, chiefly owing to me, the idea of my going into voluntary confinement in a private lunatic asylum was hit upon and matured. There I should never be sought. There I went. The mistress, a kind lady, was of course in my secret. I did just what I liked. Able lawyers were engaged to watch proceedings for me in the outer world. In case of accident I wore a wig of dark hair. All went well till you by chance stumbled on me in the mad-house. Your kindness, your good nature, I did not doubt, but I did not then want to meet you. That same afternoon I telegraphed for Dr. ———; that same night I was in his house, and commenced my new duties, to avoid suspicion, as governess to his children. In three months' time my father died. My legal friends secured my rights for me. My uncle and aunt had come to England. I told them my story. They were horror-struck; but I thanked God I was a free agent. My next object was to find you. I did not wish to make ourselves too conspicuous, so I refrained from advertising; but in every other way tried, without success, to meet you. Time after time have I followed in my carriage a cab which, after all, contained the wrong individual. Thank goodness, at last we met, though it was in a crowded court, and though, Mr. Stonhouse, you were a little too hard upon me. And now let me thank you," said she, putting her hand confidingly into mine. "Oh, you cannot tell how much I do thank your for your former great kindness to me."

I soon became very intimate at Sun Villa. On the events of the next year I must not dwell much. They are too painful. Day after day I rode with Miss Shirlock in the park, dined at Lady Clanmer's house two or three times a week, escorted her and her niece constantly to the opera and theatre, for Sir John did not trouble himself much about such places, and was only too glad to place the ladies under my charge. I neglected my law business to such a degree, that even now I am slightly suffering from it. As for *loving* Miss Shirlock, of that I never dreamed. One day I said to her:

"Middy," (I had learned to call her so,) "what have you done with the likeness I gave you in the train?"

"Oh, I do not know," she replied. "I do not want it so much now that I am acquainted with you. My chief reason for keeping it was that I might recognize you again."

Of course we often laughed and talked about our first meeting. Time after time we used to talk about my engagement.

"Middy, how is it you do not marry? I know that Captain Fitzgerald is dying for you—Mr. Carlyop is desperately in love—the Honorable Augustus Bonchurch would give anything to call you his own. Why don't you make one or other of these gentlemen come forward, or rather why do you continue to refuse all your admirers one after the other?"

"Oh, I do not know, Mr. Stonhouse; I do not love them; they are only attracted by my pretty face or fortune."

"Well, but some are sensible men; why don't you *try* to love one of them?—you will in time if you try?"

"Pshaw!" burst in Middy. "How *can* you talk such nonsense, and profane the name of love in that way? If I were driven to seek a home, or, like a very young girl, had no experience, the case might be different. Even then in a short time I should find out that I had acted wickedly."

"Well, but Middy—" said I.

"Now, don't go on in that way, Mr. Special Pleader. You are not holding a brief for which you are paid, so you are not bound to speak what you do not believe."

In the course of eighteen months, towards the close of the London season, Middy and I one afternoon were together in the garden, I lying on the grass smoking, she seated near me.

"Middy," said I, "give me joy; the old relation who stood between me and matrimony is supposed at last to be dying, and probably in the course of six or eight months I shall no longer be a bachelor."

"What, Frank!" she cried. "What, going to be married?"

"Yes, Middy," said I, somewhat puzzled. "You knew full well I was engaged."

"Yes, but, but—"

She said no more, but fell on her face fainting.

Here's a mess, thought I, as I rushed to a neighboring friendly fountain. "Here *is* a mess!" *exclaimed* I, as, on returning with water, I saw that my picture and a locket with hair in it of the same color as mine had, by the fall, been shaken out from her bosom and lay beside her. I had often noticed a small gold chain round her neck, which, descending into the fold of her dress, was lost to view; but little fancying what was appended to it, I had thought it intrusive on my part to ask what was at the end of the chain. And she had called me *Frank*, too, for the first time in her life. "Oh, what a mess!" groaned I. Well, I dashed water in her face. In the course of a few minutes she came round, sat up, replaced my picture and the locket. Her eyes encountered mine: for a very brief space of time we gazed steadily at each other. For once in my life I was fairly at a loss to know what my eyes said. She quickly recovered.

"Let us walk," she said, "it will do me good."

Up and down the garden we sauntered for a short time, talking of my wedding, she congratulating me, I answering in monosyllables, and wishing myself anywhere but there. As soon as possible, I said good-morning, and went out at the garden-gate. It were impossible, otherwise I should like to analyse the way in which we shook hands with each other.

"Cab, sir?"

"Yes," replied I, opening the door at once and shutting myself in.

"Where to, sir?"

"Oh, Jericho!" replied I.

And, now, being alone, I began to meditate. Middy loved me to distraction, that was clear; ay, and loved me, too, in the fullest, truest sense of the word, purely and for ever. Now for self-examination.

"Where to, sir, did you say?" interrupted Cabby, putting his ugly frontispiece round to the window.

"Jericho!" replied I angrily. "Can't you hear?"

Cabby shuffled on his seat, lashed the horse, scratched his head—lashed the horse again. Now for self-examination. And lest the reader should have his or her curiosity excited, and take me for a patent fool, let me at once say that I have not been a barrister for twenty years without having a wholesome dread of putting myself into a witness-box. My self-examination and answers I keep to myself. Suffice it to say, I have been married fourteen years, and have eight children; but, inasmuch as my income is not large, I should have been just as well pleased with four, if the other four had not come. Each child, however, has added a fresh link to the chain that binds me closely to my affectionate wife, and were she on trial, I defy the united abilities of a hundred horse-power attorney-general and ditto solicitor-general to elicit from her that I have been anything but, in word and deed, a most kind, tender, and attached husband.

Owing to a crowd of vehicles we came to a stand-still in Oxford street.

"I say, Bill," exclaimed my driver to a brother Jehu, "have you ever heard of Jericho? Where is it? Gent inside wants to go there."

"Can't say, Jim," responded whip No. 2, "unless it be smack through the city or t'other side of the water. Try 'em both, and then swear you have lost your way."

This recalled me to my senses, and made me think of the insane address I had given my driver.

"Cabby, I will go to the Temple instead of Jericho."

"All right, sir," said he evidently much relieved, and such is the sympathy between man (when a good driver) and beast that the horse likewise was evidently much relieved.

My long-lived relation, I need hardly say, did not die that bout, and so another season saw Middy and myself again in town together. We met, we were friends, talked to each other, sometimes rode together, but neither of us ever alluded to the garden-scene. Each clearly wished, each as evidently dreaded so to do. Somehow or other I was obliged, as I explained to Lady Clanmer and herself, to apply more steadily to my increasing practice. Somehow or other, too, when I called, Middy occasionally was not at home, pleading, when we met, indisposition as her excuse for not receiving me. The chain still hung round her neck; whether or not its appendages were there I could not tell.

Towards the close of the season 1844, my relation at length departed this life. In the following autumn my bride and myself entered on our new life and went abroad. Cards, of course were sent to Lady Clanmer. On our return I found, forwarded to our new house in Curzon street, Mayfair, from my chambers in the Temple, Middy's wedding-cards.

Thank goodness she has got over it at last, thought I. She had married the eldest son of a Scotch peer. I knew him. A kind, honest, straightforward man, but not overgifted with wisdom. He and his wife lived in Scotland, hardly ever coming to London. Once after we were both married Middy and I met. I danced with her. *The chain was still round her neck.* I am afraid to say how deeply I drank that night at supper, without being in the very slightest degree intoxicated. Port wine had as little effect on me as water. Occasionally, on the birth of one of my children, congratulatory letters passed between her and me. She, poor thing, had no children. Every August brought us a hamper of grouse from Scotland; every Christmas took from Curson street a cod's head and shoulders, oysters, &c., directed to Middy's husband. Those presents also occasioned a biennial interchange of letters.

People say that all married persons have a secret corner in their hearts, not at all of necessity a guilty one, which they never, by any chance, betray to their partners for life. May be so. All I know is, that I never told my wife of my antecedents in connection with Middy.

"On the 25th inst., aged twenty-six, owing to a fall from her horse, Evelina, the beloved wife of ———."

I started, dropped the "Times." Good gracious! poor Middy then is dead. Hastily I looked round—my wife was not in the room. The paper, properly folded, was quickly replaced on the table, and off I went to chambers. Presently I heard a great fuss in my ante-room, and my clerk's voice expostulating in no mild terms:

"You can't come in. Well, I tell you, you shan't come in. My master, Mr. Stonhouse, won't be disturbed by the like of you."

I rang my bell.

"Who is that?"

"Some poor woman, sir. She says she must and will see you herself. I have threatened to give her into custody, but she won't go away, and won't tell me her business."

"What is she like?"

"I can hardly tell, but I think, sir, she is a Scotchwoman."

"Show her in."

In she came, and asked me if I was indeed Mr. Counsellor Stonhouse, then would I just open that parcel and see if it was all right. I recognized Middy's writing, opened the packet with trembling hands:

"It is all right," said I, offering the woman a sovereign, and adding, "can I do anything more for you?"

"No, sir; many thanks to you, but my travelling expenses have been paid, and as for the rest, I would do anything in the wide world for that dear, gude leddy, who, when alive, was so kind to me and my puir bairns."

With that she departed. Again my bell sounded, and the clerk, on intruding his inquisitive face, was told, "Do not let me be disturbed by anybody on any account for the next hour."

The last words I heard before settling down to my reverie were,

"My good woman, why could you not give me that parcel, instead of taking it to Mr. Stonhouse yourself?"

"Gang to the deil wi' ye, ye auld fule; do ye think that packet was for the likes of ye to handle; ha, ha, ye auld fule."

The door was indignantly slammed. Poor Middy had chosen a coarse-tongued but faithful messenger. The packet contained a letter, my picture, a song, and *the* chain and locket.

The letter was written of course under most highly excited feelings, if not actually under the influence of delirium. I put it, the picture, and the song into my fire. The burden of the song (I had often heard her sing it) was, "Will she love you as I do?" The locket I dropped into the Thames that night. The chain my eldest daughter wears round her neck. In my pocket book I have the tress of hair she gave me in the railway carriage when under such strange circumstances we first met.

Frank had finished. For a quarter of an hour neither of us spoke. It was dark. I could not see his face. Once I heard him mutter "Poor poor, Middy." It might have been poor, dear Middy. I am not sure. Tears, I fancied, were trickling down his cheeks. Not in the slightest degree from a wish to hurt or annoy him, but more from carelessness and heedlessness than anything else, I thought I would try to ascertain his real feelings. In a few moments he said:

"Any more wine, Charles?"

"No, thank you," replied I; "but, Frank, I say, did you ever read Ivanhoe, and do you remember just at the end, where Walter Scott says with reference to Ivanhoe, Rebecca, and Rowena, that—"

I had gone too far.

"Temple," said he, sharply, addressing me by my surname, "you said you would have no more wine; if *you* are not going to the ladies, *I* am."

He moved towards the door, but returned, took my hand, squeezed it, and said, "Charlie, I did not mean to be so abrupt. I hardly knew what I was saying. I feel a little relieved at having told you this chapter of my life; but mind," whispered he, almost fiercely, "mind never allude again to what I have to-night related."

We went up stairs—Frank going first—to his dressing-room, probably to wash away traces of emotion. A quarter of an hour later, with his rich tenor voice, he was joining in some merry glee. As I looked at him, I thought how little sometimes do our nearest and dearest relations and friends know of what passes beneath the surface. Oh, how little did I conjecture what was coming when first I heard the commencing words of the story,

"Pray, sir, are you a gentleman?"

CHARLES TEMPLE.

WHAT RIP-RAPS MEAN.—Many persons have, since the war began made inquiry as to the origin of the term, "Rip-Raps." For the benefit of the uninformed, we give the following information:—In engineering a "rip-rap" is a foundation obtained by throwing stones together in a heap, without order, in deep water or on soft bottom. The fort or battery on the channel, between Fortress Monroe and Sewall's Point, is constructed on such artificial foundation, and is therefore styled the "Rip-Rap." The fortification was begun about twenty years ago. Loose blocks of granite were piled up to the height of twenty or thirty feet, and permitted to remain for several years, for the purpose of settling the foundation. The blocks were taken down to within a few feet of the water-line a year ago, and nothing more has been done to the fortification since.

☞ Universal Nursery cry at the North—"Buy a baby bunting."

☞ Prentiss thinks some of the Southern leaders may yet turn out to be *high-strung gentlemen.*"

☞ About to go through the Mill—The Flour of Chivalry.

THE BATTLE OF SPRINGFIELD.

DEATH OF GENERAL LYON.

Gen. Lyon, in command at Springfield, in the south-west of Missouri, having heard that the enemy was approaching in great force, marched out on the evening of the 9th, to give him battle.

The force slept on the prairie, and the next morning, about 6¼ o'clock, attacked the enemy 9 miles south east of Springfield. Our force was 5,500—2,000 Home Guards being left to defend Springfield—and was in three columns under Lyon, Siegel and Sturgis

The enemy—reported to be 23,000 in number, which is probably an exaggeration—were commanded by Generals McCullough and Price. Their camp extended along Davis's creek for three miles, enclosed by a high ground on each side, upon which the greater part of the engagement was fought.

The attack was made in two columns by Generals Lyon and Sturgis, Gen. Siegel leading a flanking force of about 1,000 men and 4 guns on the north of the enemy's camp.

General Lyon fell early in the day. He had been previously wounded in the leg, and had a horse shot from under him.

The colonel of one of the Kansas regiments having become disabled, the boys cried out:

"General, you come and lead us on!"

He did so, and at once put himself in front; and while cheering the men on to the charge, received a bullet in the left breast, and fell from his horse. He was asked if he was hurt, and replied, "No, not much," but in a few moments afterwards he expired without a struggle.

General Siegel had a very severe struggle, and lost three of his four guns. His artillery horses were shot in their harness, and the pieces disabled. He endeavored to haul them off with a number of prisoners he had taken, but was finally compelled to abandon them, first, however, spiking the guns and disabling the carriages. At about 1 o'clock the enemy seemed to be in great disorder and retreating. Their train of baggage wagons were afire.

Gen. Siegel marched back to Springfield in good order. After perfecting his arrangements, gathering the baggage, blowing up what powder he could not carry, and destroying other property which he did not want to fall into the hands of the enemy, he left Springfield, and on Sunday night encamped thirty miles this side of that place, the enemy not pursuing. The only hostility observed during the day was the firing of muskets at the rear guard. Gen. Siegel is confident he could have held Springfield against the force they had engaged, but he was fearful of reinforcements reaching the enemy from the south-west, and that his line of communication with Rolla would be cut off.

Gen. Lyon began the attack upon the receipt of intelligence that the enemy were expecting reinforcements from Hardee's column, which was approaching from the south-east.

A portion of the artillery of the enemy was admirably served. Their infantry fire was also very severe.

On Saturday night Dr. Maucher and others in our army went back, with ambulances, to the battle-field, from Springfield, to see about the killed and wounded. They found the enemy on the field, and were considerately treated.

General Lyon's body had been treated with great respect, and was brought back, with some of the wounded to Springfield.

Major Sturgis took command of the battle-field after the death of General Lyon. Gen. Siegel took command after the battle.

Our loss is variously estimated at from 150 to 300 killed, and several hundred wounded.

The enemy's loss is placed at 2,000 killed and wounded.

Our boys captured about 100 of the enemy's horses.

Lieutenant-Colonel Brand, who commanded the rebel force at Booneville, and has since acted as Aid to General Price was taken prisoner, with ninety others. The sword and horse of Gen. McCullough were among the trophies of the field of battle.

Reinforcements for Gen. Siegel were on the way to Rolla.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 16.—A messenger from Gen. Siegel, who arrived early this morning, reports that General Siegel was fifteen miles this side of Lebanon, and expected to reach Rolla to-day. He had not been molested on the route.

General Lyon was buried on Col. Phelp's farm, near Springfield. It was reported that the rebels had entered Springfield, and were encamped in and around that city.

A messenger also states that the whole number of killed, wounded, and missing on the Federal side, does not exceed 400, and that Ben. McCulloch and a hundred of the rebel officers were killed.

A rebel account of the battle admits that five regiments of the Missourians (rebels) were panic-stricken, thrown into disorder, and fled. Gen. Price made two ineffectual attempts to rally them. The Louisiana Regiment suffered much.

McCulloch, in a letter of the 10th, says, "The victory is ours. The battle lasted 6¼ hours. Our loss is great. Gen. Lyon is among the dead. We took six pieces of artillery from Siegel, destroyed his command, and took many prisoners and small arms. The Confederate loss is from 200 to 300 killed, and 400 to 500 wounded."

The rebels had a report at Fayetteville, Arkansas, on the 13th, that Gen. Hardee had met and captured Siegel's forces—but there is later news direct from Siegel, saying he had not been molested.

The report of McCulloch's death is probably incorrect.

THE REASON OF LYON'S ATTACK.—The following explanation from the *Washington Star* probably shows the philosophy of Lyon's attack:—

"*It seems to be understood at the War Department*, that the attack of the lamented Gen. Lyon on McCulloch's forces near Springfield, accomplished everything that was designed to be achieved by General Lyon in undertaking the enterprize. He had McCulloch and Price immediately in front of him, with a force numerically much more than double his own, though for the most part composed of ineffective and badly armed and provided troops—the Texans and half-breed Indians and a portion of the artillery only, being equal to the average of his (Lyon's) troops. He knew that Hardee was marching with a considerable body of troops to reinforce McCulloch, and that if the junction took place in his front, with the large body of horse at the enemy's command, he ran a great risk of being outflanked and cut off from his line of retreat.

"He therefore attacked McCulloch, in order to so cripple his army as that it could not attempt to follow him in the retreat he contemplated. In this object he was successful, causing the enemy a loss double his own, and subsequently effecting his (Siegel's) retreat unmolested, and carrying off in good order everything he could possibly have transported with his means at command had there been no enemy near him. Already news has been received here, giving assurance that he has reached the point he aimed for, where his own reinforcements can surely come up with him in due time, and where the nature of the country will enable him to worst the enemy in any force in which the latter may again present himself."

☞ A Military Road—One that is full of cart-ridges.

A DAY OF HUMILIATION, FASTING AND PRAYER.

A PROCLAMATION.

By the President of the United States of America.

Whereas, A Joint Committee of both Houses of Congress has waited on the President of the United States and requested him to recommend a day of Public Humiliation, Prayer and Fasting, to be observed by the People of the United States with religious solemnities, and the offering of fervent supplications to Almighty God for the safety and welfare of these States, His blessings on their arms, and a speedy restoration of peace;

And whereas, It is fit and becoming in all people at all times to acknowledge and revere the Supreme Government of God, to bow in humble submission to His chastisements, to confess and deplore their sins and transgressions in the full conviction that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom and to pray with all fervency and contrition for the pardon of their past offences, and for a blessing upon their present and prospective action;

And whereas; When our beloved country, once, by the blessing of God, united, prosperous and happy, is now afflicted with faction and civil war, it is peculiarly fit for us to recognize the hand of God in this visitation, and in sorrowful remembrance of our own faults and crimes, as a nation and as individuals, to humble ourselves before Him, and to pray for His mercy—to pray that we may be spared further punishment, though justly deserved; that our arms may be blessed and made effectual for the re-establishment of law, order, and peace throughout our country, and that the inestimable boon of civil and religious liberty, earned under His guidance and blessing by the labors and suffering of our fathers, may be restored in all its original excellence. Therefore, I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, do appoint the last Thursday in September next as a day of Humiliation, Prayer and Fasting for all the people of the Nation, and I do earnestly recommend to all the people, and especially to all Ministers and teachers of religion of all denominations, and to all heads of families—to observe and keep that day according to their several creeds and modes of worship in all humility, and with all religious solemnity, to the end that the united prayer of the Nation may ascend to the Throne of Grace, and bring down plentiful blessings upon our own country.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the great seal of the United States to be affixed, this 12th day of August, A. D., 1861, and of the Independence of the United States of America the eighty-sixth.

By the President: ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

PRESENTMENT OF THE JOURNAL OF COMMERCE, NEWS, DAY BOOK, FREEMAN'S JOURNAL AND BROOKLYN EAGLE, BY THE UNITED STATES GRAND JURY.

In the United States Circuit Court of New York, the Grand Jury on the 16th, made the following important presentment:—

"*To the Circuit Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York:*—

"The Grand Inquest of the United States of America for the Southern District of New York, beg leave to present the following facts to the Court, and ask its advice thereon:—

"There are certain newspapers within this district which are in the frequent practice of encouraging the Rebels now in arms against the Federal Government by expressing sympathy and agreement with them, the duty of acceding to their demands, and dissatisfaction with the employment of force to overcome them,

"These papers are the New York daily and weekly *Journal of Commerce*, the daily and weekly *News*, the daily and weekly *Day Book*, the *Freeman's Journal*, all published in the city of New York, and the daily and weekly *Eagle*, published in the city of Brooklyn. The first named of these has just published a list of newspapers in the Free States opposed to what it calls '*the present unholy war*'—a war in defence of our country and its institutions, and our most sacred rights, and carried on solely for the restoration of the authority of the Government.

"The Grand Jury are aware that free Governments allow liberty of speech and of the press to their utmost limit, but there is nevertheless a limit. If a person in a fortress or an army were to preach to the soldiers submission to the enemy he would be treated as an offender. Would he be more culpable than the citizen who, in the midst of the most formidable conspiracy and rebellion, tells the conspirators and Rebels that they are right, encourages them to persevere in resistance, and condemns the efforts of loyal citizens to overcome and punish them as 'an unholy war?' If the utterance of such language in the streets or through the press is not a crime, then there is a great defect in our laws, or they were not made for such an emergency.

"The conduct of these disloyal presses is, of course, condemned and abhorred by all loyal men; but the Grand Jury will be glad to learn from the court that it is also subject to indictment and condign punishment.

"All of which is respectfully presented.

"Signed by all the Grand Jurors.

"CHARLES GOULD, Foreman.

"*New York, August 16th, 1861.*"

EFFECT OF FREMONT'S NAME AMONG THE NEGROES.—A Washington correspondent of the New York Times says:—

"It will be generally recollected that shortly after the election in 1856, the Tennessee papers gave accounts of a threatened insurrection among the slaves of a portion of the State, and that the insurrection was induced by the supposition, prevalent among the blacks, that Fremont was coming up the river, backed by a large army, for the purpose of liberating all the slaves. The exact details of the extent of this insurrectionary movement were never fully published; but it was known that many slaves were summarily tried and found guilty, some being executed and others sent further South. From well authenticated sources, it is ascertained that the superstition of 1856 has been revived; that the presence of Fremont at the head of the Western forces is already known to the negroes, and that his reappearance is hailed as a sure precursor of their liberation. This feeling has spread rapidly within the last month, and it is attracting great attention and exciting much alarm among the whites of those districts where there is a large proportion of slaves. My informant assures me that once the name of Fremont is connected with any victory over the rebels, or that he is known to be in the State of Tennessee or Mississippi, the negroes will at once rise in rebellion. It is said that the fear of this danger at their own thresholds, induced the rebels to take the offensive in Missouri, and to keep the battle field as far as possible from the eager and watching negroes."

This may be true, but the general expectation of the rising of the negroes, has so far not been realized by any fact that looks in that direction. Though it must be remembered that all the influence of the John Brown men, so far, has been exerted *against* insurrection, they deeming such movements premature. They say they are biding their time; that the temper of the North is still too conservative; that the fruit, however, is rapidly ripening. Their influence over the slaves, by means of the free negroes of the North, is supposed to be very great.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE alleged semi-official announcement in the Richmond papers, that Admiral Dundas intends to take his fleet into Charleston regardless of President Lincoln's blockade, is of no possible significance even if the statement is true, for the war vessels of any nation with which we are at peace have a right to enter our ports notwithstanding the blockade, which is intended to operate against commerce with the disloyalists.

A NUMBER of the most distinguished army officers of Europe, and particularly in England and France, have tendered their services to the United States, but it is not known that any of them will be accepted. One of them in his letter says that he regards the contest as between civilization and barbarism.

THE *Bangor* (Maine) *Democrat*, a sheet with secession proclivities, was recently cleaned out by a mob—the contents of the office being burned.

A GENTLEMAN who has lived for ten years in an extreme Southern State was asked by one of our generals, a day or two since, how he would carry on the war. His reply was, "Land twenty thousand troops in South Carolina, or any of the Gulf States, and proclaim liberty to the slave! That is the weak spot of the 'Southern Confederacy,' and you will soon find it out." The gentleman alluded to was the secretary of a Southern railroad, but was forced to fly the South because he would not espouse the cause of rebellion, and therefore does not feel particularly amiable.

TAKE NOTICE.—People who now send letters enclosed in the old style stamped envelopes have their labor for their pains. More than this, they also lose their letters. All such enclosures are to be sent henceforth to the dead letter office. Advertisement of the new envelopes having been duly made, the old ones will be no longer recognized.

THE author of "John Halifax" is out with a new story, entitled "Nothing New."

COLONEL ELZEY.—This officer has been commissioned as a Brigadier-General by President Davis. Colonel Reese, writing to the Knoxville Register, says that immediately after the battle, General Beauregard, meeting Col. Elzey, said to him, "Sir, you are the Blucher of the day, and have turned the tide of battle."

A FLAG of truce has arrived at Norfolk with twenty-two released prisoners of war, all surgeons who remained on the battle field at Manassas, attending the wounded. They were released on parole. A number of other prisoners were also released for having, when the enemy were retreating, treated very kindly some Georgia troops who fell into their hands. These are released unconditionally.

COOL, EVEN FOR A REBEL.—The Adjutant-General of the rebel army, Colonel Tyler was arrested in Cincinnati last week, walking about the streets of that city. He is a member of Beauregard's staff, and was at the battle of Manassas. He was also, it is said, at Rich Mountain. He had come to see his wife, a fair Cincinnatian. He was recognized and arrested in the street by Col. Guthrie, of Kentucky.

GOVERNOR HARRIS, of Tennessee, has issued a proclamation, in pursuance of an act of the Legislature, ordering out fifty-five thousand additional volunteers, twenty-five thousand of whom are to be fitted for the field and the remainder held as a reserve.

FALKNER, ex-Minister to France, recently arrested in Washington, is believed, by the Government, to have been holding correspondence with the enemy through the Southern Commissioners at Paris, and that a regiment at Richmond is waiting for him to take command of it against the United States. It will probably have to wait.

ADVICES from Richmond report the passage of an Act by the Confederate Congress, ordering the expulsion of all sympathizers with the Union, under penalty of imprisonment.

We also learn from the same city, that immense tanks are being constructed for the purpose of supplying the army at Manassas with water, the want of which is severely felt.

CAPTAIN FOX, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, reports that during his recent trip to the North, he engaged one hundred vessels for the use of the Department, and that they will all be employed in the enforcement of the revenue laws. The Navy department is sanguine of its ability to enforce the recent law of Congress for the closing of the rebel ports in the most efficient manner.

GENERAL THOMAS, who has had a large experience in army life in Florida, says that the Northern soldiers will endure the sickly months of the summer better than the Southern troops.

BY an adroit insertion of three lines in the bill making appropriations for fortifications, flogging, as a punishment, is abolished in the army. Good!

SURGEON GENERAL WOOD has taken measures for carrying into effect the late Act of Congress, for adding to the medical staff of the army a corps of cadets, whose duty it shall be to act as dressers in the general hospital, and as ambulance attendants in the field, with the same rank and pay as West Point military cadets.

A DESERTER says that the best drilled company the secessionists have at New Madrid, Mo., is a "negro cavalry company." Doubtful.

IT is rumored that a rebel force is moving from Moorefield, through Great Savage Mountain Pass, to reinforce General Wise. The troops which held the Pass are ready for them.

NOT a soldier anywhere in America, under Federal authority, went without his pay on the 1st of the month, save those whose pay-rolls were blunderingly inaccurate through the incompetency of officers. The gold was then and is now ready for every soldier in the service.—*Washington Correspondent.*

SECRETARY SEWARD has written a letter to the Mayor of Buffalo, in which he says that the order of the Secretary of War in relation to the enlistment of adopted citizens not speaking the English language, "was officially explained a day or two since, by the Secretary of War, but having still been a subject of great misapprehension, it has now been entirely rescinded and vacated. Consequently there is no obstacle whatever to the acceptance of the services of volunteers on the ground of their nationality or language."

IT is remarkable that since the organization of the Government there has never been a child born in the Presidential mansion to any President of the United States.

A MULE WITH A COLT.—*The San Jose* (Cal.) *Tribune* says: "A mule passed through that city recently, with a healthy foal by her side—the progeny of the mule." There are said to be few instances of this kind on record.

THE Provost Marshal of Washington City, acting under instructions, has ordered "that no negroes, without sufficient evidence of their being free, or of their right to travel, be permitted to leave the city upon the cars."

ARMSTRONG CANNON.—The fourth battalion of royal artillery, now in Montreal, have six Armstrong rifled cannon. No one is allowed to see the guns; they are kept constantly under cover, but the men say that at six miles a barrel can and has been hit by every shot, and that a shell can always be exploded within a circle of fifteen feet in diameter.

A NEPHEW of Louis Kossuth is adjutant of the 3d Kansas volunteers.

Two of the released Surgeons from Richmond agree that our wounded at Richmond are well cared for. Good air and good food, but somewhat crowded. They deny that our wounded were bayoneted, or our hospitals shelled; or that there were masked batteries or intrenchments upon the field of battle.

HAVELOCKS.—The havelocks, as generally made, are pronounced by the Sanitary Commission to be of little use. The article worn by the Indian troops, Mr. Olmsted writes, is quilted and stiff, resting on the shoulders, and is thus kept open, clear of the ears, and allowing a free circulation of air underneath. The best head gear, probably, is the Kossuth hat, and grey or buff is the best color for hot weather and general wear and tear.

THE Nashville Union and American says Hon. Thomas A. R. Nelson, of East Tennessee, who has persistently opposed the action of his State, was arrested on the charge of treason, in Lee county, Va., on the 8th. He will probably be tried for treason. He was on his way to Kentucky, and to Washington.

GENERAL FREMONT has issued a proclamation declaring St. Louis under martial law, and appointed Major McKinstry, of the U. S. army Provost Marshal. The latter immediately arrested John A. Brownlee, President of the Board of Police Commissioners, and appointed Basil Duke in his place.

ROBERT MUIR, of Charleston, S C., a cousin of the British Consul at New Orleans, has been arrested on board the steamship Africa, just as she was leaving, as bearer of despatches from Jeff. Davis to the British government.

GENERAL SUMNER sends word to Washington that Col. Van Dorn, of the rebel army, has been seen at El Paso, with 1,300 men, *en route* to subjugate Lower California. Sumner has given notice to the U. S. naval commanders and secured their aid against the attack.

A CANDID ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—Col. G. B. Lamar, of Georgia, in a letter dated Richmond, July 25, says:

The enemy thought, up to 4 o'clock, they had the victory—and so they had, but the opportune arrival of two fresh regiments turned the battle, and gave us a glorious victory.

On our retreat previously, our wounded fell into their hands. They treated them kindly, lifting them into the shade, and leaving them with canteens full of water.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN has issued a proclamation, declaring a complete non-intercourse with all the rebel States, by land and sea, the forfeiture of the goods, wares, merchandize or vessels passing in any intercourse with those States, and ordering the speedy arrest and punishment of all persons engaged in such intercourse.

AMONG the resolutions adopted by the Maryland Union State Convention was one declaring the preservation of the Union paramount to all other considerations. Nominations were made for State officers—the nominee for Governor is said to be an unconditional Unionist.

THE Albany Evening Journal says that it is believed to be General Wool's policy to make the war aggressive. He deems it wise to keep the enemy in suspense. To do so, he would make such demonstrations upon the coasts of North and South Carolina, Florida, Louisiana, &c., as would make it necessary for the rebel States to keep their armies at home instead of sending them to menace Washington.

THOMAS S. SERRILL, a secessionist from New Orleans, has been arrested at New York, on his arrival from Europe, with £45,000 in Bank of England notes, the proceeds of a rebel loan. He had boasted on the passage of his secessionism, and alluded to his having made a loan. He is a native of Pennsylvania, and well known in Philadelphia.

THE *Paterson* (N. J.) *Guardian* has been informed that a fund of $5,000 has been sent to that State from the South, to be used in supporting secession papers in New Jersey, and getting up peace meetings. Jeff. Davis could not spend money better, so far as his own traitorous purposes are concerned.

MR. RUSSELL'S LETTERS.—The correspondent of the London Times had reached Washington at the date of his last letter, and his comments on the camps and soldiery at the capital will be found interesting. He seems inclined to look rather kindly on the Northerners, but still his practiced eye and judgment detected many of the particulars that have since been so disastrously patent. He speaks of the lack of discipline, of the inefficiency of officers, of the anxiety for onward movements; compares Scott's difficulties in dealing with regulars, volunteers, civilians, to those of Clyde in India, and does not manifest any confidence in the restoration of the Union. He alludes to the bad cooking in our camps; describes Gen. Scott and President Lincoln's personal appearance very graphically, and gives a correct picture of Arlington Heights and Fort Corcoran as they appeared before the battle of Bull's Run. His next letter will probably contain an account of that affair, and will therefore be read with more than usual eagerness. Mr. Russell was introduced on the floor of Congress by Senators Sumner and Wilson of Massachusetts.

GIVING ENCOURAGEMENT TO REBELS.—The Bangor Whig and Courier, in an article alluding to the destruction of the Bangor Democrat by a mob, after saying it had used all its influence to prevent such a result, continues:—

We have carefully abstained from any comments which might instigate violence against the establishment, although many facts have come to our knowledge showing the deleterious influence of the paper. No longer ago than last week, a young lady just from the South, informed us that the day before she left a Southern State, a gentleman called upon her and said he had understood she was going to Bangor. She replied that she was. "Then," said he, "I desire you, as soon as you arrive, to seek out the editor of the Bangor Democrat and shake hands with him for me, *and in my name and that of the citizens of this place, thank him for his fearless advocacy of the Southern cause, and for the encouragement which his paper has given us.*"

Giving "aid and comfort" to armed rebels is treason, according to the Constitution, and should be dealt with, not by mobs, but by the legal authorities.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.—A letter received from Atlanta, Ga., gives this incident of the battle at Stone Bridge:—

"A staff officer from Charleston, engaged in the battle of the 21st of July, says:—

"'I rode out the day after the battle to view the ground, and passed piles of the dead in various positions. Under a large tree I saw a body lying, very handsomely dressed, with a fancy sword, and a handkerchief over the face. It attracted my curiosity. I stopped, removed the handkerchief, and saw one of the handsomest faces I ever met with, of a boy not more than twelve or fourteen years old. His appearance and dress indicated high social position; probably he was a temporary aid to some general officer. To ascertain who he was, I examined his pocket, and found a Testament, in which was written:

"'James Simmons, New York. From his loving mother. My son, remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.'

"'I wished very much to take the body away, but I was six miles from quarters, on horseback, and it was impossible.'"

THE NATIONAL WAR LOAN.—Secretary Chase has returned to Washington, and met with many congratulations on the success of his financial arrangements in New York. The pledge of the banks of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia to take $50,000,000 of the $150,000,000 of the 7 3-10 Treasury notes at par, with their reservation of the right to take the remainder if not absorbed by the other subscriptions, is regarded as securing the taking of the entire loan, and as marking at once the patriotism of the eminent parties who thus advance to the aid of the government and their confidence in its power and stability. Opportunity will at once be given to the people all over the country to subscribe to the loan; and, indeed, subscriptions may now be made with the assistant treasurers of the United States either in Boston, Philadelphia or New York. Under this loan every $50 note will bear an interest of a cent a day, and the larger notes at the same rate. Books of subscription will soon be opened in all the principal cities and towns.

THE REBELS AT FORT LAFAYETTE.—Judge Garrison, of Brooklyn appears to be doing a flourishing business in the *habeas corpus* line. He has applied to General Duryea to know what force he can furnish to execute the writ in the case of the Baltimore Police Commissioners, whom the commander of Fort Lafayette refuses to produce in court—acting under orders. Duryea said 1,300, but having no artillery, it would be difficult to take the fort. The right place for Judge Garrison would be in the care of a garrison. Such Judges are making the civil power contemptible. Under the pretence of preserving constitutional rights, they are doing all they can to aid the rebellion.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE
PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market has been more active this week. Sales reach some 17,000 bbls, mostly taken for shipment, at $4@4,50 for Chicago and winter wheat superfine, $4,37½@4,87½ for extra, and $4,75@5,25 for family, including 3000 bbls of the latter on terms kept secret; 1000 bbls fresh ground western superfine at $4,75; 300 half bbls extra at $5,50 the pair, and 500 bbls Chicago middlings and fine Flour at $3 ℔ bbl. The trade have been buying more freely at from $4 to $5 for old stock and fresh ground superfine, $4,50@5,50 for extra and from $4,75 to $6,75 per bbl for extra family and fancy lots, according to brand and freshness. Rye Flour is not inquired for, and very dull at $3 ℔ bbl. Corn Meal—There is little or no stock here, and not much demand for either Penna or Brandywine. We quote the former at $2,75, and the latter at $3 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN—The market has been fairly supplied with wheat. Sales reach 50,000 bushels, in lots, at 110@120c for common to prime Western and Penna reds, in store; 115@122c for Southern do, in the cars and afloat; and 118 to 136c for white, as in quality; including 5000 bus prime Kentucky and 3000 bush Southern, on terms kept private. Rye is coming in slowly, and all offered finds ready sale at 52c for new and 56c for old. Corn is scarce, and bringing rather higher rates, with sales of 20,000 bus yellow at 52@53c for Penna and 53@54 for Southern, in store and afloat, including white, in small lots, at 55@60c. Oats are arriving and selling freely at previous quotations. About 33,000 bus have been disposed of at 28@31c for new Southern, chiefly at 30@31c, in the cars and afloat; 30@32c for old and new mixed, and 33@33½c for old Delaware and Penna, in store and afloat.

PROVISIONS—There is not much demand for barrelled meats. A sale of 200 bbls Mess Pork is reported on terms kept private, and in small lots at $16 ℔ bbl. Of Bacon the sales are mostly confined to hams, which are selling more freely at 9@10c ℔ ℔ for bagged. Shoulders and Sides are quiet. Green meats move off slowly, and some further sales of pickled hams are reported at 7@7½c, usual terms. Nothing doing in Sides and Shoulders to alter quotations. Lard is arriving and selling slowly at 9@9½ for tcs and bbls, and 9½@10c for kegs, cash and time. Butter is dull at 8@9c. Cheese is more active, and jobbing out at 7@8c ℔ ℔. Eggs are worth 8@9c per dozen.

COTTON—The market for this staple continues firm and on the advance; the demand is limited, and the transactions confined to small lots within the range of 16@18½c for ordinary to middlings, including some good middlings at 19@20c, cash and short time.

ASHES—The demand is moderate, and prices without any quotable change.

BARK—There is a steady demand for Quercitron, with further sales of 60@70 hogsheads, in lots on arrival at $28 for 1st No 1. Tanners' Bark continues dull and neglected.

BEESWAX is scarce, and good yellow is quoted at 28@30c ℔ ℔.

COAL—There is a moderate business only to note, for the supply of the Eastern markets, without change in quotations, which are well maintained, and firm.

COFFEE is firm and rather more active, and the recent arrival of Rio, some 2700 bags, has all been disposed of at 14⅛@15c, which is ⅛@¼c advance. Some further small sales of Laguayra are also reported at 16@17c, St. Domingo at 14½c and Triage at 11@11½c, all on the usual terms.

FRUIT—The receipts and sales are large, at 40@75c for Apples, and 75@$1,50c ℔ basket for Peaches, as in quality. Berries are selling at 25@40c ℔ bucket, and Dried Apples at 2½@3c ℔ ℔.

HAY is firmer and selling at 60@65c for new and 70@75c for old the 100 ℔s.

HEMP—There is little or no stock in first hands, and no sales reported.

HOPS are selling in a small way at 20@25c for Eastern and Western.

IRON—There is no new feature in the market, but rather more inquiry for Pig Metal; 100 tons Anthracite No 1 at $18½, cash. Scotch Pig is quiet, and for Manufactured Iron the demand is limited and prices the same.

LEAD—The stock on sale is light, and a further sale of 525 pigs Galena has come under our notice at $5,35 the 100 ℔s, cash.

LUMBER—The market is very dull, and prices of most kinds are nearly nominal. About 500,000 Eastern Laths sold at $1,25, Lehigh Hemlock Boards sell at $10, Susquehanna White Pine at $11@15, Lehigh do $11@12, and rafted Hemlock at $6 ℔ M.

MOLASSES is firm but inactive, with further sales of Clayed at 22c, and Muscovado at 25c, on time; the stock is light.

PLASTER—There is very little offering or selling, and we quote soft at $2,25 ℔ ton.

RICE—The demand is more active, and of prime the stock is very light, with sales at 5¾@6c ℔ ℔, now held higher.

SEEDS continue inactive. There is very little Cloverseed offering or selling, and we quote it nominally at $4,50@4,75. Timothy is beginning to arrive, and is selling from first hands at $2@2,25; some from second hands sold at $2,50 per bush. Of domestic Flaxseed there is none offering.

SPIRITS—The demand for foreign continues limited, with a small business to note in Brandy and Gin, at quotations. N. E. Rum is steady at 28@30c. Whiskey is dull and unsettled, barrels selling in a small way at 18@18½c, and drudge at 17½c.

SUGARS—The market continues active and on the advance, with further sales of 180 hhds, mostly Cubas, at 6@7¼c, including Porto Rico at 7¾@8¼c, all on the usual terms.

TALLOW is firm at the advance. City rendered is quoted at 8¼c and country at 7½c, and but little offering or selling.

TOBACCO—The market is quiet. There is some inquiry for leaf, which is generally held above the views of buyers. Of manufactured the sales are limited and prices firm.

WOOL—There is an active demand for the low and medium grades, and all offered find ready sale at 32@35c net. Included in the sales are 30,000 lbs three-quarter blood at the latter rate. The new clip comes in slowly, and the fine grades are neglected and dull.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1745 head. The prices realized were from 8¼ to 8¾c ℔ ℔. 75 Cows brought from $25 to 40 ℔ head. 7000 Sheep were sold at from $6,00 to 6,50 ℔ cwt. 1664 Hogs sold at from $5 to 5,25 ℔ cwt, net.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

BROWNLOW'S paper, at Knoxville, Tenn., has been suspended by General Zollicoffer, on account of its Union sentiments.

A CORRESPONDENCE is still in progress between this Government and England and France upon the question of blockade, and the friends of the Government have assurances that the right assumed will be fully respected by the powers in question.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St. N. Y.
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GREEN & CO., Nashville, Tenn.
GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. LEWIS F. ULMER, to Miss ELIZABETH HARRIS, both of this city.

At Boonville, Mo., July 23d, 1861, by the Rev. John R. Hall, JOHN M. STEWART, of Montgomery, Ala. to MARY C. daughter of the late Wm. C. Edwards, of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. P. Rafferty, Mr. WILLIAM J. HOWARD, to Miss MARY CORRIGAN, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Father M. F. Gaalligher, O. S. A., JOHN D. GERMON, to Miss MARY E. KENNY.

On the 13th of June, 1861, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. WILLIAM H. VAUGHAN, to Miss MARY A. OFFLERBOCK, both of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 7th instant, by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. FREDERICK WOLF, to Miss MARY A. EMBERT, both of Manayunk.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Dr. O'Hara, of St. Patrick's Church, WILLIAM P. CAMPBELL, Esq. to Miss MARY E. LAWN, second daughter of Michael Lawn, Esq. both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Baltimore, on Sunday afternoon, the 11th instant, CHARLES R. PEARCE, aged 63 years.

On Wednesday, the 14th instant, JANE McLAUCHLEN.

On the 12th instant, SAMUEL ROBINSON, aged 42 years.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. FANNY MILLER, wife of John Miller, in her 46th year.

On the 13th instant, JOHN SCOTT, in his 57th year.

On the 12th instant, Mrs. MARGARET, wife of John Todd, in her 37th year.

On the 12th instant, CLARK WILEY, in his 42d year.

On the 11th instant, Mr. DANIEL ROBERTS, in his 79th year.

On the 12th instant, JOSEPH RORER, in his 21st year.

Suddenly, on the 9th instant, HARRIET P. wife of Jos. H. Gravener, in his 39th year.

On the 11th instant, ROBERT GREER, in his 21st year.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH JENNINGS, wife of Nathan Jennings, in her 63d year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, August 17, 1861.

Alabama	— dis.	Missouri	20 dis.
Canada	¼ dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	¼ dis.	New Brunswick	1½ dis.
Delaware	¼ dis.	New Hampshire	¼ dis.
Dist. of Columbia	3 dis.	New Jersey	par to ¼ dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	1-10 dis.
Georgia	20 dis.	New York State	¼ dis.
Illinois	20 to 75 dis.	North Carolina	15 dis.
Indiana	1½ dis.	Nova Scotia	1½ dis.
Iowa	5 dis.	Ohio	1½ dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to 1½ dis.
Kentucky	2½ dis.	Rhode Island	¼ dis.
Louisiana	20 dis.	South Carolina	20 dis.
Maine	¼ dis.	Tennessee	20 dis.
Maryland	½ to 3 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	¼ dis.	Vermont	¼ dis.
Michigan	3 dis.	Virginia	15 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	35 to 75 dis.
Mississippi	—		

TWO WORKS, VALUABLE TO THE SICK OR WELL, sent by mail. No pay expected until received, read, and approved.

1st. Dr. S. S. FITCH'S SIX LECTURES on the Causes, Prevention and Cure of Lung, Bronchial and Skin Diseases; and Male and Female Complaints. On the Mode of Preserving Health to a Hundred Years. 300 pages, 21 engravings. Price 50 cents.

2nd. Dr. S. S. FITCH'S new work on Heart Disease, Apoplexy, Palsy, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Dysentery, Cholera Infantum, Summer Diarrhoea of Children, Cholera and Cholera Morbus, Bilious Colic, Costiveness, Diptheria, Sore Throats, Scarlet Fever, Yellow Fever, and the Diseases of old people, with many valuable Medical Prescriptions for these diseases, 168 pages, 6 engravings. Price, 50 cents. Say which Book you will have, giving Name, State, County and Post Office.

Address Dr. S. S. FITCH, 714 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. aug24-4t

DO YOU WANT WHISKERS OR MOUSTACHES?—If you do, and your beard won't grow, use my ONGUENT, which will force them to grow in 42 days, and won't stain or injure the skin. Sent by mail, postage free, any where. Price $1. R. G. GRAHAM,
109 Nassau St., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED—To sell packets of Stationary and Jewelry. Extra inducements are offered, amongst which are Silver Watches, Guard Chains, Bracelets, and other valuable articles. Address, with stamp enclosed, J. L. BAILEY, 154 Court St., Boston, Mass. aug24-3t

WHAT CAN AIL THE CHILD?—Is its sleep disturbed? Do you observe a morbid restlessness—a variable appetite, a foetid breath, grinding of the teeth, and itching of the nose? Then be sure your child is troubled with Worms. If their presence is even suspected, procure at once

Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge.

It effectually destroys Worms, is perfectly safe, and so pleasant that children will not refuse to take it. It acts also as a general Tonic, and no better remedy can be taken for all derangements of the Stomach and Digestive Organs.

Prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut Street, and for sale by Agents throughout the country. ap13-tf

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ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $3 to $7, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 PER DAY CAN BE REALIZED. For particulars, address (with stamp,) ACTON & CO.,
oct30-tf 37 North Sixth St., Philada.

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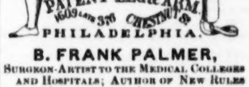

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Wit and Humor.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Some of our exchanges have revived the following old but good story:—

A number of politicians, some of whom were seeking office under the government, were seated on a tavern porch talking, when an old toper named John D——, a person who is very loquacious when corned, but exactly the opposite when sober, said that if the company had no objection, he would tell them a story. They told him to "fire away," whereupon he spoke as follows:

A certain king—I don't recollect his name—had a philosopher, upon whose judgment he always depended. Now, it so happened that one day the king took it into his head to go a hunting, and after summoning his nobles, and making the necessary preparations, he summoned the philosopher, and asked him if it would rain. The philosopher told him it would not, and he and his nobles departed. While journeying along they met a countryman on a jackass. He advised them to return, "for it will certainly rain," said he. They smiled contemptuously on him, and passed on. Before they had gone many miles, however, they had reason to regret not having taken the rustic's advice, as a heavy shower coming up, they were drenched to the skin. When they had returned to the palace, the king reprimanded the philosopher severely.

"I met a countryman," said he, "and he knows a great deal more than you, for he told me it would rain, whereas you told me it would not."

The king then gave him his walking papers, and sent for the countryman, who soon made his appearance.

"Tell me," said the king, "how did you know it was going to rain?"

"I didn't know," said the rustic, "my jackass told me."

"How, pray, did he tell you?" asked the king.

"By pricking up his ears, your majesty," returned the rustic.

The king sent the countryman away, and procuring the jackass of him, he placed him (the jackass) in the office the philosopher had filled. "And here," observed John, looking very wise, "is where the king made a very great mistake."

"How so?" inquired the auditors eagerly.

"Why, ever since that time *every jackass wants an office.*"

DRIVING QUALITIES OF WOMEN.

"Doesticks," recently, in the Sunday Mercury, gave vent to the following atrocious sentiments, with which we have no sympathy whatever. Still there is a little truth in what Doesticks says:—

"The minute you give a woman charge of anything that will do any work, that very minute that very woman begins to drive that working thing to its utmost capacity, be it an animal or a machine; and the chances are about equal that she'll drive the animal to the verge of a quadrupedal grave, or break the machine into shivered splinters in the attempt to make it do three days' work in twelve hours.

"Every person who has ever observed a human female driving a horse, will perfectly sympathize with the idea I here set forth. Every woman who drives a horse, not only drives that horse at the top of his speed, flogging him up-hill, and whipping him down hill, and thrashing him the full length of every level, but she gives him a sound trouncing every time he stops to drink, under the wretched pretence that she is trying to keep the flies off. Let a woman, any woman—for they are all alike on this subject, and no one has any more sense than any other one—understand that Flora Temple had trotted her mile in 2.19¾, and let that woman have Flora to drive for a day, and she'd flog the life out of the gallant little bay mare, if she didn't keep up the same speed for twelve or fourteen hours a day, and would, the minute her speed fell short of twenty-five miles an hour, whip the blessed little beauty till she dropped down in her tracks.

"If a woman owned Flora Temple, she wouldn't hesitate to match her to run a race with an express train through a swampy country, and would cut, with a horse-whip, the hide all off the little mare, if she didn't distance the locomotive.

"There never was a woman yet who *would* or *could* drive a horse reasonably, and treat him properly."

A Peculiar Relationship.—Mr. Howard was one day at a great dinner party which the late Duke of Norfolk gave to several of his neighbors. He sat at the bottom of the table, the duke being at the head, and one of the gentlemen who sat near the duke called out to him and said, "Mr. Howard, will you drink a glass of wine with me? There was a connection between our families." "Why, sir," resumed the gentleman, "your ancestor, Lord William Howard, hung up twenty-three out of twenty-seven of my family, and you must own that was *a tie*." This reminds us of an anecdote we heard at Brighton. Gen. Dalrymple, who was between ninety and a hundred years of age, was introduced by the king to Lord Errol as an old friend. "Ah! my lord," said the general, "the last of your family I have seen was Lord Kilmarnock's head on Temple Bar."

☞ Pompous Blunder.—"I don't know him," said a pompous fellow, in speaking of a less prosperous fellow. "I believe he is a good enough fellow in his way, but he is not of the *hong-kong*." This opulent gentleman probably intended to use the words *haut-ton*.

☞ Youthful Zouave.—"Pa, Hardee says the 'front and rear rank man make a file.' What do they make a file for?" Literal Parent—"To put the weekly papers on, my dear, I suppose."

THE SORROWING YOUTH.

The steamer ploughed her foamy track
 O'er Massachusetts Bay,
And happy voyagers smiled to think
 The port before them lay.

All glittering in the morning sun
 Rose lofty spire and dome;
How thrills upon the wanderer's heart
 The first glad sight of home!

But 'mid the crowd there walked a youth
 Whose heart seemed charged with woe;
His eyes were bent upon the deck,
 His step was sad and slow.

It was not unrequited love,
 Nor disappointment's fruits,
That marked with care the cheek of youth;
 He couldn't find his boots!

A Thrilling Scene.—A tale of the sea entitled "The Fair Inez," by Artemus Ward is given to the patrons of Vanity Fair in weekly chapters. We copy from a late issue the following account of an interview between the heroine and the corsair chief. It is a true picture, according to all sensation stories:—

When Inez awoke the storm had ceased, the wild night had passed, and the morning was bright and beautiful.

The maiden looked around her. The scene was passing strange.

She was lying upon a fine twelve dollar lounge, in an apartment of sumptuous elegance.

"Where am I?" she murmured.

"Safe, dear lady!" said a soft, flute-like voice. "Safe from all harm!"

Inez looked up. A chivalrous-looking young man, arrayed in garments of red silken velvet, thick-studded with diamonds of incalculable value, stood over her, a genial smile irradiating his fascinated, though swarthy features.

"Safe, lady!" he repeated. "You shall be the corsair's bride!"

"I don't see it!" said the gentle Inez.

"Ha!" cried the pirate, "longest thou, then, for the laughing hillocks and bellowing bullocks of thy own chilly clime?"

"I have no hesitancy in asserting that I do," she replied.

"If gold be your desire," said the pirate chief, taking out his pocket-book and brandishing a ten-dollar bill on the Waukegan bank of Illinois, "here it is!"

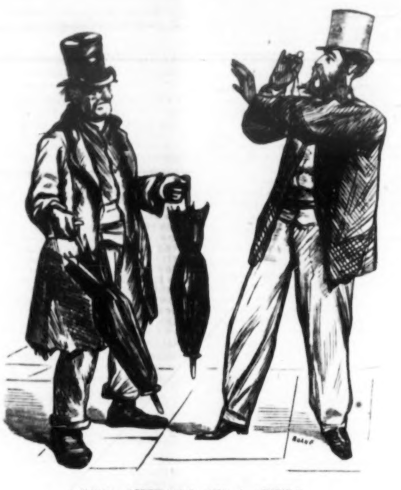
"Miscreant, I spurn the vile dross! Besides, there's ten per cent. discount on it." Thus spoke the noble Inez.

Clerical Sharp Practice.—A facetious parson of a country parish was employed, some years ago, to unite a rustic couple in the holy bonds of matrimony. As soon as the knot was tied, says the bridegroom, "Well, parson, what's the damage?" "Nothing, I hope," replies his reverence, "if there is any *damage* done, it is no fault of mine, you alone are responsible for the consequences of the proceedings." "But I mean, parson, what's to pay?" "Oh, that depends upon circumstances. When I marry a couple, if the bridegroom is rather indifferent towards his bride, he hands over only the usual fee, four and sixpence. If he is pretty fond of her, he will pay a pound or two. If he is very deeply in love with her he will not think of giving less than three or four pounds." What effect this gentle hint had on the heart of the bridegroom we will leave to the imagination of the reader.

Keeping Late Hours.—In the city resides William S——, a teamster, who is noted for his jollity, and also for keeping late hours, as he usually goes home at two o'clock in the morning. Well, one stormy night, about a year ago, William concluded to go home early, and, accordingly, he arrived at his house just at midnight. In answer to his knock, his mother opened a window and inquired, "Who is there?" "William," was the reply. "No," said she, "you can't come that over me; *my* William won't be home for two hours yet." Poor Bill had to wait till his usual time.

The Opposite Influence of the Sexes in Training.—Why is it that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred those women who have been brought up chiefly amongst men, who have had no sisters, who have lost a mother early in life, (doubtless for many reasons a sad affliction to a girl,) who have been dependent on fathers or brothers for society and conversation, should turn out the most fascinating and superior of their sex? Why is it that in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, the boy who is educated solely by his mother, becomes a triumphant and successful man in after life? Perhaps the opposite influence of either sex is beneficial to the other; perhaps the girl derives vigorous thoughts, expanded views, habits of reflection, nay, more, charity and forbearance, from her male associates, as the boy is indebted to his mother's tuition and his mother's companionship for the gentleness and purity of heart which combine so well with a manly and generous nature, for the refinement and delicacy of feeling which so adorn true courage; above all, for that exalted standard of womankind which shall prove his surest safeguard from shame and defeat in the coming battle; a shield impervious so long as it is bright, but which when once soiled, slides and crumbles from his grasp, leaving him in the press of angry weapons a naked and defenceless man.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Cordial Greetings.—The King of Bavaria lately visited a village in the mountain country of his kingdom, where he was so much pleased with his reception by the mayor that he said in a regal manner from his carriage window, "I am well satisfied with you." The Mayor without hesitation replied, "So are we with you." The King felt such delight at the *naivete* of the official's answer, that he dismounted, shook hands with him, and promised soon to call again.



GROSS OUTRAGE ON A SWELL.

"Now, sir, as things is wery flat, you shall have the two for half-a-dollar; there!"

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

Do my dear young friends ever think how almost all that is good comes to us? Did you ever see a farmer planting and sowing? Down in the moist earth grows the seed and yellow corn, grain by grain, little by little. God sees the farmer at his work, and knows full well that he has done what he could; so He kindly sends the gentle rain, drop by drop, and not one of these little drops ever forgets its errand upon which the good God sent it to the earth.

"I have found you out," said the rain-drop to the tiny grain of wheat, "though you are dead and in your grave. God has sent me to raise you up."

Well, there is nothing impossible with Him; so when the raindrop has done its errand, a spark of life shoots out from the very heart of the tiny grain, which is dead and buried, and little by little it makes its way out of the tomb, and stands a single blade in the warm sunlight. This is nobly done; and if the great God pleased, He could make that little blade strong and fruitful in a single moment. Does He do this? No. Little by little does the stalk wax strong, and its leaves grow slowly, leaf by leaf.

Is it not so with everything that is good? Should we like any other way better? Impatience would.

It was only a few days ago that I heard a little girl say:

"I am tired, tired, tired! Here is a whole stocking to knit, stitch by stitch! It will never be done!"

"But was not this one knitted stitch by stitch?" I asked, taking a long one from her basket, and holding it up.

"Yes."

"Well, that is done."

The little girl was counting, instead of knitting, her stitches. No wonder that she was tired.

Did you ever see a mason building a house of bricks? "Poor man!" impatience would say; "what an undertaking, to start from the earth, and go on so far toward the sky, brick by brick!"

Who ever saw a patient, persevering person try, and not succeed at last? So, then, step by step, which is God's way, must be the best way.

Let us see that we do every day what we can. Any little boy or girl who, in looking back upon a day gone by, can say, "I have done one thing well," may be happy with the thought that he has taken one step in the way of wisdom.

The Healthy Man.—Of all the know-nothing persons in this world, commend us to the man who has "never known a day's illness." He is a moral dunce, one who has lost the greatest lesson in life, who has skipped the finest lecture in that great school of humanity, the sick-chamber. Let him be versed in mathematics, profound in metaphysics, a ripe scholar in the classics, bachelor of arts, or even a doctor of divinity; yet he is one of those gentlemen whose education has been neglected. For all his college acquirements, how inferior is he in useful knowledge to a mortal who has had but a quarter's gout, or half a year's ague—how infinitely below the fellow-creature who has been soundly taught his tic-douloureux, thoroughly grounded in the rheumatics, and deeply *red* in scarlet fever! And yet what is more common than to hear a great hulking, florid fellow, bragging of an ignorance, a brutal ignorance, that he shares in common with the pig and bullock, the generality of whom die, probably, without ever having experienced a day's indisposition!—*Hood.*

☞ Movements of Prince Napoleon.—Although ostensibly stopping at the New York Hotel, the Prince really makes his head-quarters in the office of Vanity Fair, where his brown-linen duster and carpet-bag may be seen at all hours of the day. The Prince has a keen appreciation of wit and humor, and is considerable of a wag himself. "Why am I," said he to us the other day, placing his imperial legs upon the desk at which we were writing sparkling paragraphs—"why am I like Jeff. Davis?" We gave it up. "Because he is in Richmond and I am in New York!" It created no little amusement at the time.—*Vanity Fair.*

Lightning in Madagascar.—I was told that there is perhaps no place in the world where thunder-storms rage so fearfully, and where the lightning strikes so frequently as is the case here. At Tananariva, about three hundred people are stated to be killed by lightning annually, and last year the number is said to have risen to four hundred. In one house a single flash killed ten persons. These fearful storms take place chiefly from the beginning of March to the middle of April.—*The Last Travels of Ida Pfeiffer.*

☞ There are hours in which the mind of a literary man is unhinged, when the intellectual faculties lose all their elasticity, and when none but the simplest actions are adapted to their enfeebled state. At such times Bayle looked at clowns, and the Jewish Socrates, Moses Mendelssohn, stood at his window and counted the shingles on his neighbor's house.

Agricultural.

ABOUT EGGS.

An egg of the average size weighs 1,000 grains, or one-seventh of a pound. Three-fourths of its weight is water. One-seventh is albumen, a highly nutritious substance, resembling lean meat in its composition, and therefore adapted to produce strength of muscles when consumed as food. One tenth of the weight of the egg is fat or oil, which is useful to supply carbon for respiration, and heating the body, and therefore especially valuable for eating in hot or cold weather. The yolk contains some sulphur and phosphorous compounds, the latter affording material for the bones [and brain.] The shell is chiefly carbonate of lime, similar in composition to marble or lime-stone. The shell is porous and admits air for the chickens before it breaks out. Of the entire egg the shell weighs about one-tenth; the yolk, three-tenths; the white or transparent portion, six-tenths. The composition of an egg is quite similar to that of a piece of good fat beef steak with the bulk of the loose fat, or tallow, trimmed off; eggs are therefore nutritious food. Seven eggs, weighing a pound, are nearly as valuable for food as a pound of good meat, and they generally cost much less. During the past few months seven eggs have cost only 7 cents at retail, in our market, while a pound of sirloin beef has cost 14 to 16 cents, and a good steak from the round, 12 to 14 cents per pound—being two to one in favor of eggs.

In cooking eggs most families boil or fry them hard. This renders them bad to digest, unless they are masticated very fine, and this is seldom done in rapid eating. They are every way better if soft-boiled, and after a little practice in eating them thus, a hard-boiled egg is comparatively dry and tasteless. An egg placed in boiling water just three minutes, or if a large one, 3¼ to 3½ minutes, is abundantly cooked. After removing from the water, the eggs need to stand a few minutes to heat through to the centre. After becoming a little accustomed to them, eaten with the addition of a little salt and pepper, or other condiment, eggs thus cooked are palatable as butter, instead of requiring to be covered with butter.

Preserving Eggs.—As above stated, the shells are porous, and the water of the egg is constantly evaporating, and air entering to take its place. After a time, decay commences. It will readily be seen that stopping the pores of the shell will tend to preserve the contents in their natural state. This may be done by dipping them quickly in melted tallow, or coating them with sweet oil, or a solution of gum, or varnish. Milk of lime, that is, fresh slaked lime mixed with water to a milky consistency, fills up the pores pretty well. Thus coated they need only to be placed in a cool place, of uniform temperature. A packing of chaff, bran, salt, ashes, charcoal, dry saw-dust, or any similar porous material, preserves the uniformity of temperature by means of the non-conducting air confined in the spaces. Perhaps there is no simpler way of keeping eggs than to dip them in melted tallow, pack them in dry chaff, and store them in a cool, dry cellar.—*American Agriculturist.*

CONDENSED MILK.

In the Journal of the New York State Agricultural Society, is the following account of the *New York Condensed Milk Company*, Wassaic, Dutchess county.

We visited the establishment of this company, with Mr. Jonathan and Mr. Samuel Thorne. We were very kindly received by Mr. Gail Borden, Jr., the superintendent of the work and the patentee of the preparations there made. The works were in fine order, and we witnessed the process, from the milk from the cow until prepared for market. It is *new milk*, fresh from the cow, with 75 per cent. of water evaporated from it. This is done by steam; and the public who use this, have *real milk*, and nothing else, and can add water to it to suit their taste. It is already delivered in New York and Brooklyn to more than 3,000 families—is recommended by a great number of physicians as superior to all other milk sent to market. The day we were at the works they were preparing upwards of 1,800 quarts of milk, delivered that morning—somewhat less than the average quantity. The company have another establishment at Burrville, Litchfield county, Ct. The establishment is open to the inspection of all, there being no necromancy about the matter, but the process being simply what is above stated. Neatness reigns predominant throughout the entire establishment, and is one reason, doubtless, of the great popularity of the milk sent from these works. A small pamphlet accompanies the milk, giving directions how to use it, and how to keep it; and statements of its value and cheapness.

NEW MODE OF SUBSOILING.

I beg to submit to you what has occurred to me as a very simple mode of subsoiling, or deep ploughing, that can be effected by the easiest method possible. Let the plough be driven on the same furrow two or three times, or as often as necessary, in order that you may be able to carry your ploughing to any depth you think desirable. In doing this an improved mould-board will be required for turning the first furrow. When the plough has turned the first soil, and is driven again in the same track, a large mould-board will be necessary, and one of a peculiar construction to clear away the soil of the first furrow, and facilitate the further passage of the plough. I am taking out a patent for a new mould board of a description to effect this purpose, which I conceive by very simple means will produce a very desirable result. A light two-horse plough will always be sufficient for this sort of work, and will enable you, certainly in less time, to plough deeper than with the heavier subsoil plough we are accustomed to, worked by four horses. This mode of ploughing, though very obvious, may still be novel and may be beneficial to the agricultural public, which is my excuse for intruding on your space. (The *first* plough wants a wider mould-board; the second, if any, a narrower one.)—*London Agricultural Gazette.*

Cure for Potato Disease.—The London Times publishes a list of remedies for the potato disease. The most efficacious is one discovered by "C., of Hornsey," which consists in pressing down the haulm thus:—"He set his potatoes in a double row instead of single, the two rows occupying a foot in width, with a foot of vacant space outside each row. They were planted on the level, and hoed up at the usual time. Now comes the important step. When the haulm had reached its full growth, about the 1st of July, he turned it over right and left towards the vacant spaces, by adding earth between the rows and pressing down the haulm, so as to drive it from the erect position, and allow the rain, instead of descending to the roots, to run off upon the vacant space." Not one in a hundred perished.

Useful Receipts.

To Clean Tainted Barrels.—The best method for cleaning tainted barrels is to put one peck of charcoal and one tea-cup of potash into each barrel, fill them up with boiling water, cover tight, and let them stand until cold.

Unfermented Bread.—Take fine flour, six pounds; bicarbonate of soda one and one-eighth of an ounce; pure muriatic acid, one ounce and a quarter; water, three pints; and salt, three-quarters of an ounce; mix the bicarbonate of soda and the salt intimately with the flour, and put the muriatic acid into the water, and then blend the whole in the usual way of making dough. As soon as it is thoroughly kneaded, bake it either in tins or not. Bread thus made has an agreeable natural taste; keeps much longer than fermented or common bread, and is said to be more digestible, and much less liable to turn sour or moldy. We may observe that the chemical action of the acid on the soda disengages gas, which, though it makes the bread "light," disappears in the oven, and that the result of this action is to produce nothing but common table-salt, which can be easily proved by mixing a similar proportion of the acid and the soda in an appropriate vessel, when the well-known taste of common table-salt will be recognized.—*Septimus Piesse.*

Essence of Verbena Leaf.—A sweet and refreshing perfume for the handkerchief:—Take rectified spirits of wine, half a pint; otto of verbena, half a drachm; otto of bergamot, one drachm, and tincture of tolu, a quarter of an ounce. Mix them together, and it is ready for use. This sweet scent does not stain the handkerchief, and is quite economical.

Delicate or Silver Cake—Cheap and Good.—Take 2 teacupfuls of white sugar; ¾ cup of butter; 1 cup of sweet milk; 4 cups of flour; the whites of 4 eggs beaten to a stiff froth; 1 teaspoonful of soda and 2 of cream of tartar; and flavor with vanilla, nutmeg, or lemon, or as you like. First rub the butter and sugar to a cream, and then add the other ingredients. Bake in a quick oven.—*American Agriculturist.*

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 1, 12, 2, 10, is a part of the human visage.
My 2, 15, is a preposition.
My 3, 9, 1, 13, is what we should all shun.
My 4, 1, 18, exists only in certain localities.
My 5, 22, 6, is a regulator.
My 6, 7, 11, 21, 25, was a poet.
My 7, 17, is a preposition.
My 8, 7, 23, 20, we could well do without.
My 9, 17, is a pronoun.
My 10, 9, 5, 18, is a river on the Eastern Continent.
My 11, 14, 15, is a denomination of measure.
My 12, 14, 23, is a kind of dwelling.
My 13, is a vowel.
My 14, 8, 10, is a vessel.
My 15, 14, 21, 20, is a vegetable production.
My 16, 25, is a verb.
My 17, 12, 8, 18, 13, is a number.
My 18, 3, 24, is an abbreviation.
My 19, 24, 6, is seen on a summer morning.
My 20, 9, 13, 3, 18, is used by the baker.
My 21, 4, 15, is a metallic substance.
My 22, is a vowel.
My 23, 6, 18, 5, 3, 13, is a number.
My 24, is a vowel.
My 25, 14, 10, we could not do without.

My whole forms a subject of sad contemplation.

Easton, Mo. J. H. LUNBECK.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an animal very small,
Which no doubt is known to all;
My next you will oft meet as you travel,
Some use it in preference to the finest gravel.
My whole in youth is in its date,
And is the object of the schoolboy's hate.

LOCIUS.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To all poor sinners I am known,
 I'm found in every city;
Sometimes I may be found at home,
 I am an object of pity.
To find me you may not go far,
 To happiness I am not known,
But I am known to many a tar,
 Who on the sea is far from home.
I go the world round every day,
 And do not find it hard to live;
I always find some new prey,
 And to them some of myself I give.
Such is my whole it is too true,
Pray tell can I be guessed by you?

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A town in New Mexico.
A river in Scotland.
A city in Italy.
A town in Prussia.
A town in Belgium.
A town in Pennsylvania.
An act performed by soldiers.
A river in Spain.

My initials form the name of a range of mountains. My finals, place of situation.

ADDISON D. YOUNG.

Enon, Lawrence Co., Pa.

QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What number is that which if multiplied by the one-third of itself, and the product divided by the difference of the multiplying numbers, the quotient will be seven and one-half? DELTA.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When is molasses remarkable? Ans.—When it boils, for then it's syrup rising (surprising.)

☞ Why is true courage like well fulled cloth? Ans.—It will not shrink.

☞ Why is a whisper like a forged note? Ans.—It is uttered but not allowed (aloud.)

☞ What animal does a soldier get in his leaky tent? Ans.—A canvas back duck!

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—The taking of the city of Quebec by General Wolfe, in the French and Indian war. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—A Journey in the Back Country, by F. L. Olmstead. CHARADE—Assassination. (Ass-ass-i-nation.) RIDDLE—Riddler.—DOUBLE REBUS—Moscow, in Russia. (Manaar, Oahu, Seychelles, Caucasus, Orful, Washita.) ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—25 miles from London.

I find the *true* answer to J. F. H.'s Problem, published March 30th, to be answered by several. A should receive $16,64, B $14,08, and C $8,96. The exact answer to S. C. Hope's Interest Problem, published May 11th, to be $26,03 64-1215. Answer to a Problem by W. D. Stratford, published June 15th, weight of boxes 75 lbs. Answer to Arithmetical Question, furnished by A. D. Y., published July 6th. If it is the meaning of the question, that A pays 50 cents per acre more for only the 30 acres of improved land which he gets, and gets the rest of his land at an equal value with B; then A gets 66 8-77 acres of land at $1,92⅓ per acre, besides his 30 acres of improved land at $2,42⅓ per acre. Thus making for A 96 8-77 acres, and for B 103 69-77 acres at $1,92⅓ per acre. But if it is the understanding that A in consequence of his getting the improved land pays 50 cents per acre more for every acre, then A gets 87.6894374 acres at $2.2807764 per acre, and B 112.3105626 acres at $1.7807764 per acre.

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

Answer to A. D. Y.'s Question of July 6th. A gets 96 8-77 acres and pays $2,42⅓ for the improved and $1,92⅓ for the unimproved. B gets 103 69-77 acres and pays $1,92⅓.

Enrinna, Pa. WM. S. MAJOR.

INCORRECT ANSWERS.

D. F. Lemmon's answer, published Aug. 3d, to A. D. Y.'s Question, published July 6th, is not correct. He has A to pay 83⅓ cents per acre more than B.

R. Barto's of the same date is not correct. He has A to pay less than $200 and B to pay more than $200.

W. Evans's is not correct, as A and B do not both receive the same number of acres. Will the solvers of "the riddler" please examine the Problem and give it another trial? Yours, &c.,

Enon, Lawrence Co., Pa. A. D. Y.

☞ The Man who Carries all Before Him.—"The wheelbarrow man."